VOGUE

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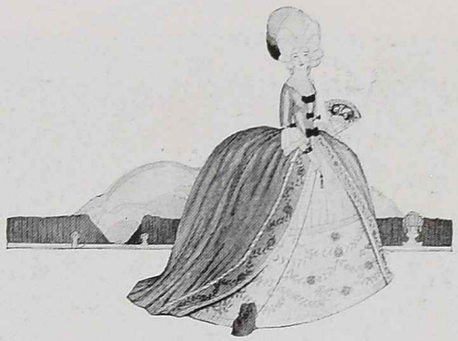

This Is The

PARIS OPENINGS NUMBER OF VOGUE

WELL, the models from the Paris openings have come, and there is a great deal to be said about them. To begin with, you will be interested to find that there has been but a slight change in your silhouette. All evidences of fulness and drapery are drawn to the front of the frock with various delightful elaborations, and backs are left plain; this plainness is often accentuated with novelties. The natural grace of the figure is observed,— at Callot's, manikins showed uncorsetted figures,— and all novelty is introduced by means of the small details of trimming and accessories. And some of these new trimmings are really most remarkable; for instance, mirrors and ostrich feathers appear as ornaments on some of the most formal gowns; and white piqué trims taffeta dresses, just as bright jet trims waistcoats of white linen. And then there are trimmings of tulle, much tulle, appearing even on serge costumes. Linen tunics are embroidered with Angora wool, which is more charming than you can imagine when it is applied to the right sort of frock, the sort that Paris alone can, without apparent effort, produce.

Some of the new fashions are as amusing as they are charming; one house uses big silk handkerchiefs, such as the peasants wear, as aprons on dresses of black silk, and fashions strange sleeves, cut in separate sections, of similar handkerchiefs. Other frocks from this same house are made entirely of these square silk handkerchiefs and have the front of the skirt longer than the back. Many of those violently coloured little waistcoats which have appeared early this spring have made their official début at the openings, and the Parisienne plans to wear them with white or black skirts, just as she desires. There are clouds of organdie and muslins in lovely fresh tints; these seem strangely reminiscent of other years, and some are trimmed with furbelows that are decidedly of the period of 1840.

Dressing on a War Income

For some years Vogue has been planning to have an article on the accessories that make the costume. Every one of us knows some particularly smart person who always has an air of being immaculately groomed and exquisitely dressed; and, when her costumes are analyzed, it appears that she is the possessor of astonishingly few, but that she knows the secret of wearing unusual and well-chosen accessories for which her simple but beautifully cut frocks are a background. By addition of a certain set of lemon yellow organdie gilet and cuffs, her tailored blue serge frock is given a fresh crisp touch that defies even the humidity of a July morning in town. Her little satin and gingham frocks have collar and cuff sets of the loveliest colour and daintiest material imaginable, so that they are veritable disguises and transformations, rather than a mere fresh touch of white at throat and wrist.

Vogue has been so impressed with the economy and smartness of this type of dressing that it has asked Helen Dryden to design, for the "Dressing on a War Income" department, three pages of collar and sleeve arrangements, each of which is a bit of sheer ingenuity and charm. These you will find on pages 54 to 56.

Since the women of America have all responded so wonderfully to the demands of war work, Vogue has been very much interested in interviewing the women's clubs in New York City and reporting in detail the almost unbelievable amount of work they have accomplished since we, as a country, have entered upon that great industry, war. An article on this patriotic work which has been done by women's clubs begins on page 57 in this issue.

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for

Late April, 1918

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VOGUE
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Telephone: Louvre { 29-26 / 09-01

Cable Address Vofair, Paris

LONDON
Rolls House
Bream's Buildings
E. C.

Cable Address
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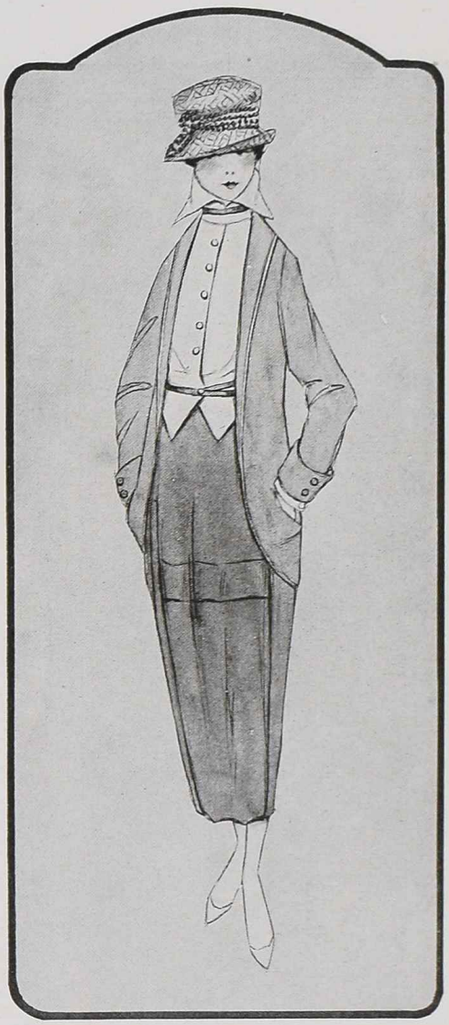
MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN, SECOND, AND HER SON, ADRIAN ISELIN, THIRD

Mrs. Adrian Iselin, second, was, before her marriage, Miss Madeleine L'Engle, the daughter of Mr. William J. L'Engle of New Orleans. Mr. Iselin is the son of Mr. C. Oliver Iselin; Mrs. Iselin is spending the season at her home at Roslyn, Long Island



JENNY

A costume called "Smoking," of black serge and white piqué, is perhaps meant, by the French "marraine," to remind her soldier how hard it is for her to get cigarettes without his assistance. The cravat, girdle, and revers are of black satin. The narrow skirt has a transverse band of material caught under side pleats. The Valentine About hat is of thick straw with—translating literally—"a spray of gems"

PARIS MAKES A BRAVE SHOWING *at its* OPENINGS

There Are Many Designers and but One Silhouette, Inexhaustibly Varied by Astonishing Short Sleeves, Draped or "Tucked-up" Skirts, Uneven Hems, Tulle, Capes, High and Wide Collars, and "String" Belts

PREMET

Seeberger Frères

Madame Mathou is the wife of the director of the Maison Premet. Her afternoon costume is of black satin, combined with an organdie gilet. The toque is of blue roses on faille

I HAVE just received, in a bouquet of violets, this charming message from a friend: "You know my fine cellars, and if your heart misgives you, come and take refuge in them at the next attack of the Gothas on Paris."

Another friend, further away, telephoned me one morning to know what I did when the bombs burst in all four corners of Paris. Did I go down in the cellar, or did I stay in bed? That was the night on which we were all awakened by the siren alarm and anxiously counted the cannon shots, in the darkness of our rooms, as they alternated with the bursting shells. But the next morning the sky was glorious; Paris was bathed in that mild sunshine which comes with first spring days; those who had escaped injury smiled at fate and took up their existence again.

The Parisienne is very bold, but discreetly so, just as she is elegant with reserve. You would have seen her starting out, every day of these past few weeks, perched on her high heels, her face prettily made up under her toque of flowers, to watch, for hours, the parade of the manikins of the great couturiers. What does it matter if bombs begin to rain again on our city this very evening? She will not miss a single opening of the season; she wants to be able to tell you that she does not like the panniers of So-and-So, but she adores the girdles of This-and-That. She will know by heart everything, absolutely everything, and will decide, as soon as the week is over, what she proposes to wear; and that charming little brain, protected by a hat as round as an egg, will decide the trend of the fashion (which happens to be toward the East) indeed, the whole style of an epoch.

The high authorities have been trying, this season, to keep women from buying dresses. In newspaper articles full of hidden meanings, most influential French writers have asked Frenchwomen not to buy anything more, on the grounds that there are barely ships enough to transport the American troops, let alone (and severely alone) materials for extensive costuming. By not asking for any more cloth or leather, and by not buying any more hats, women will be able to make it easier for our American Allies to help us, and every woman at the present moment is making praiseworthy efforts to contribute to the economic movement by decreeing that there shall be no public manifestation of elegance; it is all the easier,

Seeberger Frères

This sand coloured duvetyn suit has buttons of wood and metal, arranged inconsequentially in horizontal rows. The collar winds twice around and there is, to finish off the costume, a deerskin hat

JENNY

Jenny has acquired a trick of reversing fashions; that is, she shows some special intriguing novelty at the back. This frock, "Froufrou," of navy blue taffeta, has its bodice made to give the impression of a bolero, to which the skirt is attached by gatherings forming a sort of puffing above the girdle. The little apron is of white net and the scarf of blue tulle,—and the use of those two sheer fabrics is also characteristic of many of the new Jenny models

now that there are no longer any formal social functions. When I speak of this to my friend, Madeleine, she answers that she doesn't worry about that. "I console myself," she says, "with what Montaigne calls 'the happiness which depends only on ourselves.'"

THE JENNY COLLECTION

However this may be, Madeleine and I have found happiness in looking over and choosing from among the lovely "chiffons" created by our famous couturiers. Nothing, not even political and military events, nor the article of M. Maurice Barrès, of the Académie Française, with its appeal that Frenchwomen should not buy anything they do not need,—nothing has kept her from being at her post, in a comfortable arm-chair, her back to the light, at Jenny's, at Dœuillet's, and, one by one, at all the great houses. Those salons, with their lovely old woodwork, which were formerly the setting of the beautiful fêtes of the Second Empire, are now the background for the thoroughly Parisian spectacle of the manikins' promenade.

The costumes at Jenny's are as varied as they are numerous. There are so many new ideas that Madeleine says, very justly, that with half of them one could make models for several seasons. There is a silhouette here for every one—a thing which is rather rare. Women are not all slender, and one must remember the larger ones, which is just what Jenny has done. Her skirts are not excessively narrow; some of them are finely pleated. Many of the dresses are of taffeta, and many of serge trimmed with white piqué—as successful a novelty as those of cotton fabrics embroidered in gold, or serge embroidered in jet.

"Why, that's exactly like the embroidery on some of grandmother's dresses," Madeleine says to me. She is quite right; it is an embroidery of tubular beads of brilliant jet, which the corsages of 1880 stretched tightly over much-corseted figures. These tubular beads appear also on one of the Paquin frocks, sketched on page 45 at the right.

"Thank heaven, one never feels the least trace of a tight belt or a brassière in dresses now," exclaims Madeleine. "Ah, one must be naturally well made to look smart nowadays."

"Or else be dressed by Jenny," I murmur, as we proceeded with our inspection.

Madeleine has chosen, for the afternoon, the tailored suit called "Bristol," amazingly smart; and a dress of navy blue serge, the flounces of which, placed one above the other, are attached by a large bias strip of tulle to match, a discreet novelty which will please the discriminating woman. Many of the Jenny frocks are trimmed with tulle. As for the summer costumes in cotton batiste, in toile de soie, and in foulard,—one will want two or three of each, they are so simple and so becoming.

Jenny's sleeves are not only well made and pretty, but they are interestingly cut as part of the back of a dress, or as a cape, or a sort of big fichu, with an ingenuity which is ravishing. On a taupe evening dress I saw an apron and panels at the sides made of coarse violet tulle with large square dots to match the dress. And on many dresses long pink or white ribbons fastened at both ends, flutter like leading-strings of fashion, with which Jenny, intelligent and astute as she is, continues to guide the mode.

CONCERNING DŒUILLET

An aristocratic air is the special stamp of this house. The fact is that, without being much taken up with the *dernier cri*, and

THE SPRING, THE MODE, AND JENNY

Lavender tricotine, deep lavender pearl buttons, the new standing collar, and flashes of white piqué spell "Printanier," named after the season that Jenny thus delights us by honouring in this suit

"Canary" is a buttoned-up sports dress of yellow jersey, cloth lined with orange jersey under the arms. The front of the skirt is corded, the back hangs oddly loose, and there is a cape, as shown below

"Straight" and "trim" are words Jenny loves to express in line, as in "Avril," a tailleur which is made of tan tricotine trimmed with red silk buttons and embroidered straightly in tan silk thread

with what will make a sensation at any price, Dœuillet has, above all, a jealous concern for the true lines of the feminine figure, which he likes to follow in his dresses. Light caressing draperies which follow the line of the figure—these mark the designs which he shows us this season. As a touch which is characteristically surprising, he offers us white linen embroidered in jet. This is used as a waistcoat for a costume of black taffeta, of which the skirt is prettily draped on the bias. Dœuillet likes draperies and uses them on most of his models. But the dress called "Fauvette" has a skirt with a very different, and very new, line; the bottom of the skirt, arranged in large pleats which are brought well forward, has, instead of a hem, only a line of cut hemstitching.

Angora wool embroidery, which we find even in linen, for summer dresses, is charmingly original. Twill and serge embroidered in the Norman style, cotton jersey used for tailored suits, and tussur embroidered in many colours on a combination of dark blue and black, are used for afternoon frocks.

The skirts of Dœuillet are still short and narrow. Even evening dresses are very narrow, and often a bit of metal embroidery or brocade is added as a train, which escapes from below

the skirt and sweeps the ground as its wearer walks.

After two hours of watching the manikins, we are tired, Madeleine and I; our weary eyes no longer see, but we stay on, for in a rash moment we promised to order a gown for a friend, a wife of a diplomat whose post is at Madrid. We have chosen the beautiful dinner gown which Dœuillet calls "Little Queen." It is a jewel, all pink; its panniers and its motifs are of coloured gold embroidery. That is enough for to-day; we depart to take our tea (without milk or cakes, of course). We make our way silently and meditatively to a particularly intimate and comfortable tea-room. That there is no milk and that there are no cakes are facts to which we are accustomed, but we are a bit disconcerted by the sight of the counter covered with carrots, turnips, potatoes, and raw lamb chops.

"This is too much," said I. "War is war, but when it comes to a raw chop when my five o'clock insides crave hot tea——."

"Oh, but the colours are beautiful," said Madeleine. That is what it is to be an esthetic. So we content ourselves with the bad toast, and too strong tea, and feast—if it may be called festive—our eyes on this palace of Pomona, spread out like a scene at the Théâtre du Châte-

TULLE WINDS ITSELF *into the* MODES *of* PARIS

JENNY

A combination of navy blue tulle and serge is distinguished by Jenny's latest fancy, a little scarf which veils the lower part of the face, rather in the manner hitherto associated with the late Queen Louise and Oriental beauties

JENNY

A white satin evening dress, embroidered with crystal and pearl beads, is persuaded by its name, "Odalisque," to indulge in a trouser effect, held in by satin anklets. The very low back is held up by a narrow ribbon at the neck

JENNY

A dress of beige charmeuse and chiffon embroidered in tan thread has crossed fronts of mauve charmeuse which tie in the back under a beige pannier. The long loose sleeves have that becoming quality which the French call "coquette"

DŒUILLET

A dress of pink taffeta, embroidered in yellow silk and yellow beads, is wide at the hips and very narrow at the ankles

let. But we must not stay too long, for to-morrow we are to visit Chéruit, and must have all our faculties about us.

CHÉRUIT

"Well, what about Chéruit?" Madeleine asked me anxiously, when I finally sought her out the next day. I found her buried in a chaise longue; a heavy cold had kept her from accompanying me to see this collection, to which every one looks forward so much each season. And for a long moment, she forgets her fatigue and sits up on her cushions, her cheeks pink again at the idea that there exist somewhere new things to wear and look pretty in.

Chéruit's frocks always remind one of flowers at a florist's, in endless numbers, soft and lovely, with marvellous embroideries. Whether they are for formal or informal wear there are always unexpected combinations of materials; her convention is to be unconventional.

"What are the most striking points? How are things different from last year? Tell me quickly," begs Madeleine.

"The silhouette is much the same. Skirts are the same length, except for those on evening gowns, which have underskirts stopping at the knee and allowing the legs to show through the tulle or chiffon. That's an amusing idea, don't you think? Waists are still very large, with, in some cases, a Japanese influence. A certain very large flat knot, placed crosswise on the hips, to one side, is a new notion, as is also the real Egyptian gandourah, made of striped or flowered materials, which is only partly held to the figure by a sash. The materials Chéruit uses most are toile de soie, twill, poil de chèvre, woollen materials, brilliant satins, and certain brocaded tissues, which are exactly like Chinese materials in their design and texture."

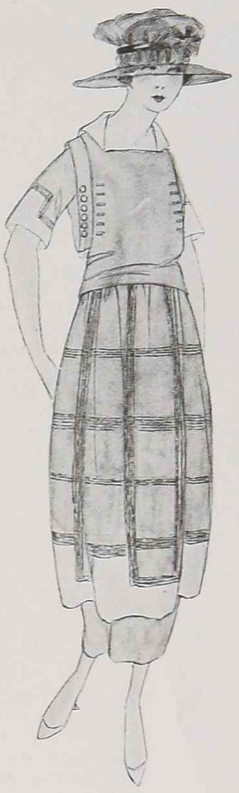
DŒUILLET

This dress of bright blue mousseline de soie, embroidered in a gold and silver Byzantine pattern, is called "Cathedral"

DŒUILLET EMPHASIZES THE NEW SHORT SLEEVE

You can "spot" the house of Dœuillet in this cherry coloured frock of foulard (and Dœuillet himself has already spotted it with white), because the skirt is short and quite narrow at the bottom, although it is draped and rather bouffant at each hip. The band trimming is white serge, the tiny buttons are of pearl, and the short sleeves are one of the new whims of the Parisienne

The evening gowns of Dœuillet are kept short and narrow, too, but a certain formality is given them by attaching a short panel-like train of metallic embroidery or brocade. On this black satin gown the train sparkles with jet which matches that on the skirt and on the odd shoulder-bands that slip over the bodice of orange and metallic gold cloth



We repeat, Dœuillet's skirts are short and narrow, and when there is a tunic, as in the case of this frock of light blue linon, the underskirt is narrow. White organdie appears as a collar and on the sleeves and tunic of this frock; in fact, it is this and the white cotton stitching forming those very interesting squares that decide us that this frock is surely of the Paris mode of spring, 1918

Since Paris has gone in so heavily for jet, it is nothing to see a cloak laden with it as this is,—for all that lovely scrolled design is embroidered with jet, glittering in the light or dark in the heavy folds. The darkest part is of black velvet, and the jet is embroidered on net over silver cloth,—it is very lovely, with its great velvet cuffs and its unusual collar of silver cloth over velvet

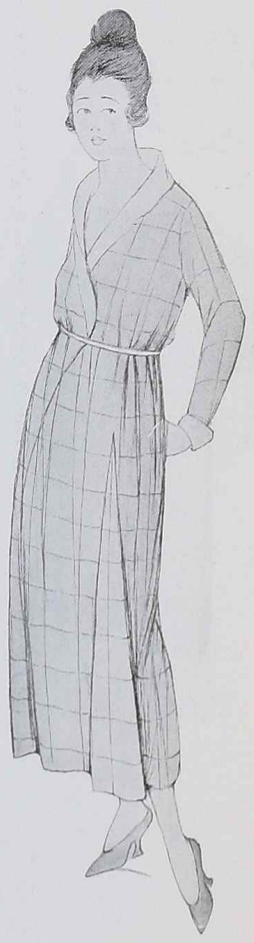
They have called this the "Merry Widow,"—this frock all of black satin and white crêpe de Chine embroidered with jet motifs. The white crêpe de Chine apron is one of the things that Paris allows itself to do; it gives a frock that odd turned-around look that one sees this spring, especially since the girdle is lower in the back than in front. Those very short sleeves are very new

CHÉRUIT SHOWS THE MODE THESE NEW POINTS

The little less-than-half sleeves, the flat bodice, high in the back but open in front, the long-waisted effect, the sloping shoulders,—all these are very new and characteristic of the house of Chéruit. Just the colour of tortoise-shell is the silk of this frock, with its many, many small flounces, but the overgarment is a darker shade of silk—for combinations are in favour

Deep colours overcast but also brighten the mode at this house. For Mlle. Guintini of the Comédie-Française a frock of yellow in two shades was made. She wears it in that aptly named play, "La Triomphatrice." The material, a silk crêpe, is not checked, but cunningly hemstitched, and the skirt has hanging front and back panels

(Below) A frock of pale green checked linen is all ready for summer; it is serenely, confidently cool. With its white linen collar and cuffs, it has just the effect that a smart little breeze has in a calm. The girdle, characteristically enough, is a mere cord, and single large pleats are introduced at either side of the skirt for the sake of—ease and chic



"And tailored suits—tell me about tailored suits," continues Madeleine.

"Tailored suits have rather long coats and blouses that are extremely fantastic, sometimes matching the linings of the coats; you can guess the effect of these blouses of striped or dotted linen. On many afternoon dresses the Chinese embroideries are made of multicoloured beads on a foundation of grenadine. One of these dresses is embroidered with applied kingfisher feathers. Other silk dresses are covered with a dull gold embroidery, in lozenges or suns which touch each other—a very magnificent effect. There is a great deal of coarse gold tulle, covered with silk tassels at regular intervals. There are chiffons, painted and then embroidered, and the result is a material more wonderful than the rarest fabrics of India. Evening dresses of tulle in two widely different tones are very popular. As for coats, they are in many cases capes, capes varied by the addition of a vest which allows all the fulness of the back to fall heavily with all its weight, which pulls it away from

EXPONENTS *of the* SALONS *of* CHANEL

It was Chanel who made jersey cloth what it is to-day; and it was Chanel who made this frock of grey silk jersey embroidered with grey cotton—"Grecque," she called it. Then the wrap, and this is a clever bit of silk conservation, is of cotton jersey, embroidered to match the frock. The Lewis hat is of brown tulle, put on in many ruffles and with a sash end of the tulle that winds around the neck

"Adèle" is made of brown charmeuse, with one of those little coat effects of brown wool cloth trimmed with brown cotton thread lace, —and Chanel was always clever with coloured wool and cotton lace —so that the frock really looks like a suit with a charmeuse blouse under it. The bottom of the skirt is of wool, too, so that it completes the illusion of a suit when it shows beneath the graceful coat

elsewhere, in dinner dresses and in dinner and restaurant frocks, and at this house it appears preferably in white on a black background.

SUITS WITH STARTLING SLEEVES

Lanvin's tailored suits have no fixed waistline; they are often made exactly like middy blouses, tight around the hips; and sometimes they have a straight full panel in the back, which crosses and buttons to form the front of the jacket; they are startlingly made with sleeves shorter than elbow length, or they are without sleeves, except those of the blouse.

There are checked silk materials and embroideries of jet on soft vermilion satin. This same satin, embroidered in feather-stitching and used as a part of a dress, looks as though it might have been brought from Yokohama. We were tremendously amused at Lanvin's, Madeleine and I, because the manikins wore hats which were selected to suit their dresses, and consequently looked like real women of the world whom one might meet on a walk in the Bois.

I should like to be dressed exactly like that blonde young woman in the dress called "Celular," which had large even bands of embroidery in steel and gold beads; her large straw hat without trimming will be very pretty and comfortable under the hot sun of July.

"For Aix-les-Bains, I will order three of these velvet waistcoats in vivid colours, so pretty, and each of a different cut," Madeleine said to me, "and I will wear them alternately with white or black skirts, according to my mood." These waistcoats have large cut-out armholes, and they are buttoned on to linen underblouses.

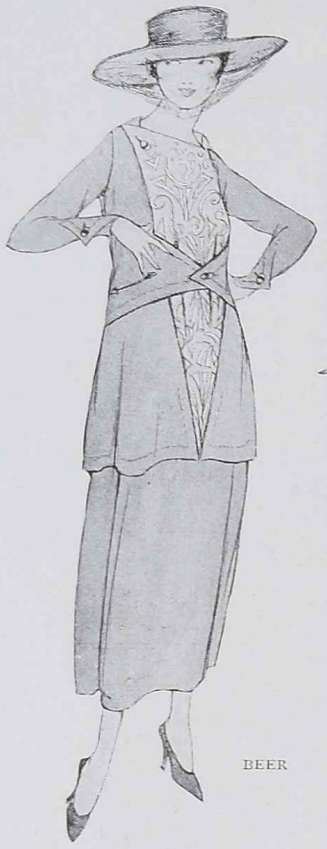
Big "peasant" silk handkerchiefs are used like aprons on dresses of black toile de soie; these dresses are further elaborated by sleeves partly made of these handkerchiefs and then cut into separate sections, letting the bare arm be seen; what with the excessively short sleeves many couturiers show, we see a startling number of bare arms in Paris, these days.

There are Persian cretonnes, in violent colours on black backgrounds; and blouses of white organdie through which one sees the blue or cerise underbodice of a dress worn beneath. There are capes of velvet, lined with foulard; there is quilting on toile de soie; what a lot of things for all of us, in this collection which Lanvin, idealist that she is, has wished to make, as in peace times, fantastic and subtly artistic.

WORTH

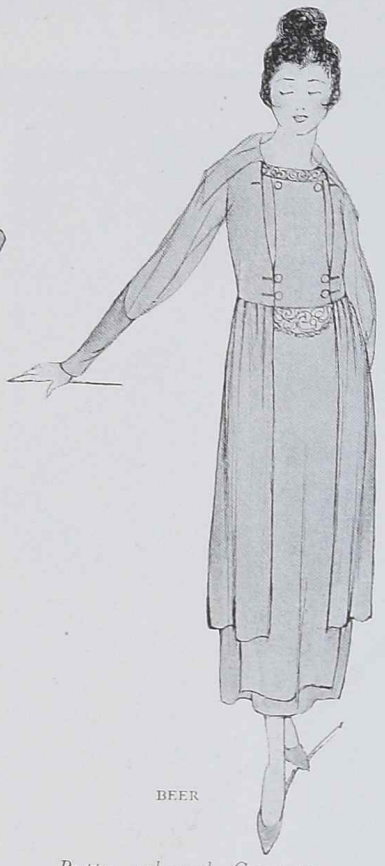
Worth receives us, my friend and me, with his usual good grace and gentle bearing; he showed us, himself, his models of toile de soie and of armure, of which he has made dresses which follow closely the line of the figure, rather narrow, with light draperies of which many are embroidered in silks of divers bright colours.

Jersey in silk, cotton, and wool, is also used for embroidered dresses. They almost all have



BEER

An intricate Latin mind created this delightfully perplexing suit of ribbed silk which fastens in unexpected places and goes about under the piquant little name of "Pirouette"

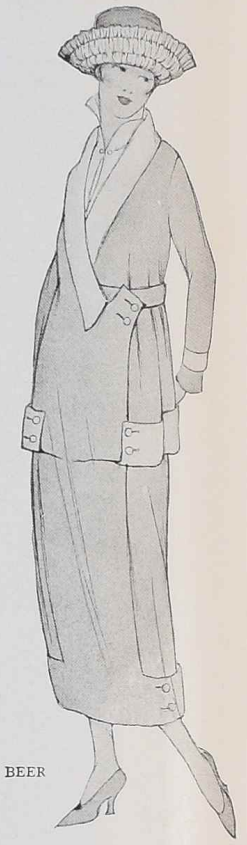


BEER

Putty coloured Georgette crêpe and wool, embroidered in the same colour, are used for this simple frock which has the large waist-line characteristic of the newest spring models

BEER

Gold tulle is an utterly self-sufficient material and a rose or two to accent its loveliness is obviously all it needs to help it express the gaiety of its name, "Rieuse"; the frock is of satin crêpe



BEER

A tailored suit of grey serge is trimmed with old-blue bands, which give the "turned-up" effect which is now so much used. The skirt is one of the narrowest ones shown this spring

POIRET

A pink and white checked frock with an eye to the value of a touch of black, has a sash of black faille. With it is worn a Jeanne Duc hat of beige faille with a green straw cabuchon

POIRET

Gold embroidery with tassels gives an exotic note to this dress of Oriental red velvet, which has so much personality that one can almost visualize the woman who should wear it

POIRET

This frock illustrates the newest silhouette, so slim as to merit the name of "whistle"; it is of navy blue serge with red pipings and has deep and original cuffs of white organdie

THE PARISIENNE'S DAYS ARE ENLIVENED BY THE

UNFLAGGING INVENTION OF POIRET AND BEER

A COAT *and* FROCK THAT SHOW *the* TOUCH *of* PAQUIN

It's not just a coat; it's a whole trotteur of grey silk, with those decorative rows of stitching that are so prominent at the Paris openings and with a whimsical belt of dull grey kid. It's just made to wear with one of the new French blouses of linon which button quaintly into a vivid waistcoat. The black straw hat with bright blue ribbon, feathers, and facing, is from Valentine About

"Why create a new silhouette, when we may discover such charming variations of the old one?" asks Paquin and then produces this very lovely white crêpe de Chine evening gown, with its classical drapery and its embroidery of tubes of black jet, to prove the force of the argument. The embroidery, in a style which suggests the quaint modes of 1880, is seen in almost all of the new collections

short sleeves, with the exception of one here and there with very long sleeves of different material from the corsage; these sleeves sometimes match an immense collar of mousseline de soie, like the collar of the frock on page 42, at the right.

But how can I resist ordering this blouse, which in itself makes a dress; it is of very wide ribbon, striped blue and white—that magnificent ribbon which Worth uses authoritatively.

"A blouse of ribbon," you say, "and of what else besides ribbon?"

And besides ribbon,—nothing; this is a piece of ribbon which, in itself, by the way it is wound and tied, makes an ideal costume with a skirt of blue serge.

I leave Worth with regret, to throw myself into the furnace of an exhibition of paintings. Madeleine has gone home, for she is tired. I see the heads of thousands of people, but never their feet; and I discern with difficulty, here and there, in the moving crowd, the pastel faces of pretty women, among whom I recognize Mlle. Mona Delza, Mme. Jeanne Pierly, the Countess of Péringy, Mlle. Jeanne Rénouardt, and many others who pose for Brisgand, the artist who idealizes all these pretty eyes and mouths.

THE MAISON CHANEL

It is Chanel who originated the dress worn by the Princess Radziwill to Mr. Sturges's tea; and Chanel will continue to make it for a long time, now that she is assured of its success. Mademoiselle Chanel does not vary her models except when she feels the need of it, which is to say, when each of her ingeniously practical and clinging gowns have exhausted their charm for the most capricious of the elegant women. Needless to say, it is a long time before we shall wish to change from this silken suppleness, clinging so closely to the body.

The effect of the costume called "Grecque," which is of grey silk jersey embroidered in cotton of the same colour, is very good; this model, worn by many well-dressed women, is sketched on page 43, at the left. Mlle. Saint-Sauveur wore this dress just a few days ago to a lunch given at the Ritz by M. Antoine Sallat; her version of the frock was embroidered in dull gold. At this same function Princess Murat wore a dress of navy blue silk jersey with a scarf-like sash embroidered in red and worn in the Oriental fashion. Mrs. Hyde wore a brown dress of silk tricot. Mlle. d'Hinnisdal in a castor coloured silk jersey dress, showed her charming figure when she let fall her wrap, which was also of the same becoming castor colour.

THE POIRET COLLECTION

The use of two kinds of wool materials seems to be preferred by Poiret; the top of the dress is always lighter, without suggestion of curve and with the waist-line barely indicated by a bit of silk or woollen material, knotted in front or at the sides. Chequered materials are used with bands of plain stuffs, and these bands are

(*Continued on page 91*)

MARTIAL ET ARMAND INTERPRET THE MODE

The tailleurs from this house are triumphs; they are light and practical and charming—which is all that one could possibly ask of any suit. In this one blue serge is a becoming background for one of the new vests which have conquered Paris. It is of mustard yellow cloth with a design of black soutache braid and a high rolling collar which, if one prefers, turns into a low flat collar

(Middle, above) If a frock has a skirt that is shorter in front than in back and short all round, and if it has a belt that is little more than a string, it is just as it should be, according to this excellent authority. Dark blue twill silk makes this morning frock, white piqué makes the gilet, and a red silk handkerchief belongs in the pocket, for even frocks are found patriotic in Paris

(Middle, below) Sleeves are getting shorter rapidly. In some frocks they have shrunk to almost nothing, and in this frock, called "Dernière Heure", they are but half as long as they would have been a short time ago. The frock is a straight affair of plum coloured silk embroidered with tan silk, and it has a soft tan silk girdle which runs under the bolero at the back; grey straw hat from Lewis

The novel skirt of this silver-edged rose taffeta frock is a discovery made by Martial et Armand and liked by everybody. The very tight skirt is pulled in closely at the knees, slit half way down the front, and then covered up with a full apron in front and a large silver-lined sash behind. The result is even more than we are taught to hope for—a rose and silver cloud

THESE MODELS ILLUSTRATE *the* NEW PREMET SILHOUETTE

The simple life has no attraction for this house; its frocks have always been elaborate and aristocratic and these characteristics have reappeared serenely in the spring collections. For instance, there's a frock of black taffeta dotted with amusing black silk tassels and girdled with a wholly original sash that ties high at the front. Dainty white dimity ruffles are another reason for naming this "Seduction"

"It's possible to be unconventional—even on a blue serge frock," says Premet, and proves it by using a variety of unexpected and unrelated colours and materials to trim "La Complice." There are patches of black soutache braid, a collar of tan linen with peppermint stripes of red and blue, and a green kid belt fastened with red buttons with green centres. The brown straw hat, from Lewis, is trimmed with brown leaves and berries and, like so many hats, with a mist of tulle

Paris makes no pretense of facing the spring without blue serge. The collections of the designers are well sprinkled with suits of this trusty material—but none of them are more charming than "Par Le Sentier," a demure little model with a sack coat and a gilet of white piqué striped with black. In spite of its youthful appearance, it's a suit that brings courage, however trying the weather or the lack of taxis

"Exclusive" is a charming gown of black taffeta worn by Madame Renée herself, and it tells many interesting things about the new spring modes. Its short sleeves, its quaint drapery which draws the skirt tight at the knees at the back and brings all of the fulness in front, its gold and black embroidery, and its heavy black silk fringe are all points that many of the very newest frocks are making

This season, when a spring suit isn't of serge it is very likely to be of a checked material, like this one of grey and beige wool, with its skirt pleated at the sides and its versatile collar which ends by being a sash that ties at the back. There are narrow bands of black satin edging the collar, cuffs, and the front of the coat—in fact, narrow bands are finding their way onto the smartest things, this season

DOUCET, RESTRAINED *and* ELEGANT, *as* ALWAYS

A braided underskirt of blue satin and a long coat of blue serge announce themselves as a dress, and point to a wide girdle for proof. On these straight lines the season's models are built; and as a complement to their silhouette, collars become high and upstanding

(Upper middle) One of the newest things under the spring sun of Paris is the collar on this dark beige frock of wool jersey. This costume takes its cue from the monastic cord of the collar and sustains a simple severity which allows it no indulgences save two pockets

(Lower middle) Metal embroideries are used wherever there is a chance; and when there isn't one, they make it, as in the case of this blue serge dress with silver embroidery on black satin. A loosely knotted sash indicates that fashion favours large waists, vaguely defined

A frock of brown Georgette crêpe is effectively embroidered in brown cotton with touches of brick red and gold. A Lewis hat of black Milan straw and folds of green chiffon relies on a glorified cockade of green chiffon and black feather trimming to attract appreciative eyes

Campbell Studios

Miss Lucile Baldwin, daughter of Mr. Le Roy Baldwin, is interested in several war charities and is a member of the Junior League; she took active part, last autumn, in the Tuxedo Horticultural Society, which gave an exhibition for the Red Cross

Ira L. Hill

Miss Leila H. Burden, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Warren Burden, is a member of the Junior League, and, took part in the Hero Land Bazaar. Her brother, Mr. Joseph Warren Burden, recently married Miss Margery Maude, of London, daughter of the famous "Grumpy"

Charlotte Fairchild

Miss Frances Fairchild, who is the daughter of Mrs. John C. Fairchild, of New York, is a member of the 1918 Sewing Circle and Vincent Club of Boston. Miss Fairchild has made frequent visits for the events of the season to Boston, which was formerly her home

THESE ARE SOME NEW YORK DÉBUTANTES WHO PREFER WAR WORK TO MAKING THEIR DÉBUTS

Charlotte Fairchild

Miss Marianne McKeever, daughter of Mr. I. Chauncey McKeever, would have been a débutante a year ago, but instead she went to France, in company with Miss Maud Kahn, for canteen service. She is now in New York, after a year's service in France

Miss Marion Tiffany, at the left, and Miss Lucile Baldwin, at the right, are devoted workers at the surgical dressing class of the Junior War Relief Society

NEW YORK DEVOTES ITSELF TO CHARITY

Society Fills Most of Its Daytime Hours with Work and Even Insists Upon a Purpose for Its Play

Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, whose hat is sketched above, was the highest bidder for a pin sold at the benefit for "L'Union des Arts" of Paris

THIS season, in keeping with the spirit of the times, the Alumnae Association of the Spence School dispensed with its annual musical comedy in favour of a concert for the benefit of the institution for homeless babies which this association supports. The concert was given at Aeolian Hall; Frances Alda, Mildred Dilling, harpist, and Aline van Barentzen, pianist, volunteered their services, and the various numbers were received with genuine enthusiasm. Members of the association acted as ushers, and a number of the advanced pupils of the school who have not yet finished their course were in the audience. Lord Robert Innes-Ker was an interested spectator from one of the boxes at the back of the auditorium. After the performance there was a reception and dancing in the green-room. Not a few young men in uniform were present, and these were especially favoured cavaliers. The frocks worn by the young girls were attractively simple; the majority were of soft Georgette crêpe and chiffon, sometimes in two contrasting shades of a delicate colour. One young girl wore a particularly attractive black chiffon dress, sketched at the upper right on page 51, which formed an effective note of contrast with the lighter frocks. Her hair, which was cut short, was brushed back off her forehead and held in place securely with two shell combs worn at the back of the head.

AN INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENT

The St. Valentine's Kettledrum, the annual entertainment held at Sherry's for the benefit of the Samaritan Home for the Aged, scored its usual success, and here, too, a number of attractive young girls were in evidence. Tables for the sale of fancy goods made by the inmates of the Home were ranged about the room among other tables at which flowers and confectionery were sold. Auction bridge and cooncan were played in the tapestry room, of which Miss Antoinette Martin had charge, and there were moving-pictures, games for the children, and tea, as well as an orchestra and dancing. The latter was popular with all ages, including some little people of not more than six. Some very pretty frocks were worn by the young people; two of these, worn by particularly clever dancers, are sketched in the middle of this page. The little girl at the back of this picture wore a dark blue serge frock with a long waist and a pleated skirt which came up over the waist in a frill. A narrow white collar and cuffs gave a note of daintiness, and a small black hat had a tiny black feather at the front. Her companion wore an unusually charming frock of dull blue and green worsted, made with the stripes running round. Its closely fitted bodice ended in a scalloped peplum and had a row of buttons down the back. A cream coloured embroidered collar and cuffs to match made this gown becoming, and a high blue hat with a beige ribbon tied about it was its appropriate complement.

Two of the young girls at the St. Valentine's Kettledrum attracted attention by their clever dancing and their very distinctive frocks

FIFTH AVENUE AND UNIFORMS

One cannot toss a penny on Fifth Avenue these days without striking a uniform, either American, French, or English. Every one seems to be participating in war or in war work; if one were to stop any six women to inquire whither they were going, it is probable that at least four would be bound for a class in surgical dressings, a canteen, a radio school, or a school of stenography and typewriting. A year ago these same women would have been on their way to a matinée, a thé dansant, a bridge party, or some similar frivolity. On a sunshiny day, a short time ago, a number of these busy pedestrians and, incidentally, quite a collection of uniforms were snapped. The photograph in the lower middle on page 51 shows Miss Helen Hoadley, at the left, and Miss Helen James, at the right; apparently they are bent upon some serious mission for they are carrying very official-looking portfolios. The figure in the background appears to be that of a Canadian officer, out for a stroll on the Avenue.

SEEN ON THE AVENUE

Mrs. Henry Calhoun Taylor, who was before her marriage, a short time ago, Miss Jeannette Jennings, is shown in the photograph at the lower left on page 51, and just behind her one notes a young ensign in the Navy. Mrs. Taylor, by the way, wears one of the close feathered toques which have been so popular with young women during the late winter and early spring. Mrs. August Belmont, junior, was snapped with her three children just as she was

At a private reading of a new play by Charles Rann Kennedy, Mrs. Philip Lydig wore a costume of cream lace and black silk caught with a salmon coloured rose

The Duchesse de Richelieu wore a suit of faun colour cloth and a black hat at the benefit for "L'Union des Arts" of Paris

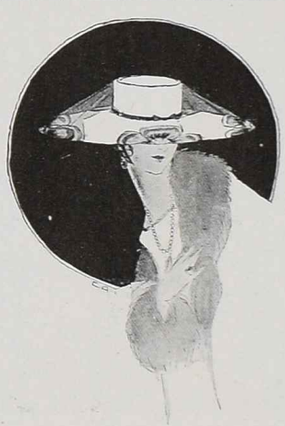
Mrs. August Belmont, junior, was snapped with her three children on a sunny morning on Fifth Avenue

This young person with bobbed hair wore an attractive black chiffon frock at the concert of the Spence Alumnae Association

leaving the shop of a well-known jeweller, and the photograph is shown in the upper middle of this page. And then, because he was quite irresistible in his long tan scarlet-lined overcoat of the Foot Guards, his stick, cavalry boots, and peaked hat with the emblem of the Irish Guards at the front, the busy photographer snapped Lord Robert Innes-Ker of the Cadet Royal Flying Recruiting Corps, and he appears in the photograph at the lower right on this page.

A SURGICAL DRESSING CLASS

On Tuesday mornings the objective point of many of the women on Fifth Avenue—most of whom are walking, having dedicated their cars to war service—is Sherry's, where the surgical dressing class of the Junior War Relief Society holds its weekly meeting under the direction of Mrs. Walter Eyre Lambert. This class, which is now in its fourth year, has a membership of over a thousand, with an average attendance of over five hundred, and the list of its workers reads like so many pages from the Social Register. Surgical dressings, layettes, soldiers' comfort kits, and all sorts of woolly things are made at these morning sessions, and the work is thoroughly well organized. A spirit of earnest energy prevails at every meeting, and usually some interesting talker—a man from the front or some one with first-hand knowledge of war conditions—tells of things which are happening "over there" in a way to give zest to the efforts of the workers. The workers wear all-enveloping white aprons, but, in lieu of caps, their ordinary head-gear is accepted; they work at many little tables, each of which is neatly numbered and covered with black oilcloth. The sketch at the top of page 50 was made recently, showing Miss Marion Tiffany, at the left, and Miss Lucile Baldwin, at the right, working at one of these little tables.



(Left) A guest at the wedding of Miss Florence Lincoln wore this charming hat of pink satin

Mrs. Henry Calhoun Taylor, who was Miss Jeannette Jennings, wears one of the popular close feathered toques

Miss Helen Hoadley, at the left, and Miss Helen James, at the right, were snapped on Fifth Avenue, walking—as does all the world—to some war work

Lord Robert Innes-Ker of the Cadet Royal Flying Recruiting Corps is photographed in the full glory of his uniform

Four photographs © Western Newspaper Union

THESE LUCILE GOWNS ARE WORN BY CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG IN "THE REASON WHY" AND ARE REASONS ALL BY THEMSELVES

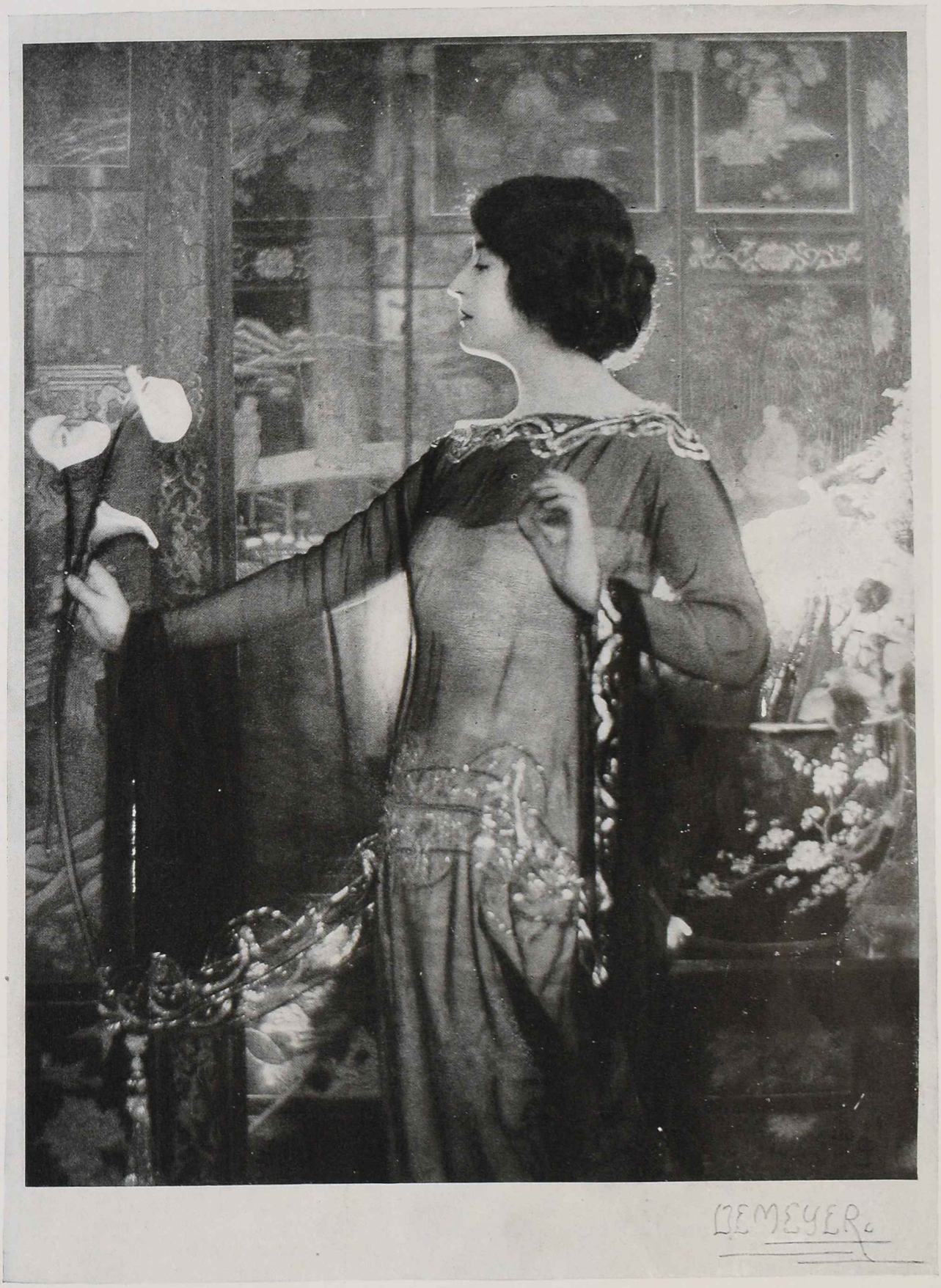
It's like a rose-coloured dream come true—this gown of soft glimmering rose charmeuse and misty rose tulle, with a bodice that sparkles with rhinestones and pearls and ends in a twinkling pearl and rhinestone fringe. A scarf of rose colour tulle, embroidered with tiny imitation pearls and rhinestones and ending in silver tassels, veils the shoulders, and a gorgeous chain of big and little diamonds set in platinum and holding a shining cluster of diamonds, makes the costume still more sparkingly wonderful; photographs posed at the Hotel Vanderbilt

(Below) We suspect that Lucile found it specially inspiring to make gowns for the new picture play, "The Reason Why," for it was written by her sister, Elinor Glyn, and produced and acted by Clara Kimball Young. At any rate, it was Lucile who found a bit of sunshine (less inspired people call it yellow chiffon) and turned it into this afternoon gown. White chiffon makes the shawl collar and gilet on the straight simple bodice above the slightly draped skirt. The hat is a cloudy halo of black tulle with two graceful and feathery sweeps of paradise

(Below) However adventurous the plot of "The Reason Why," we are sure that all is well with the heroine when she wears this tea-gown of Oriental splendour, for who could help being won by a fair lady in so stately and gorgeous a blending of Chinese blue velvet, Chinese blue charmeuse, and chiffon embroidered in a Chinese design of Oriental colouring? The short velvet coat, banded with kolinsky squirrel, is trimmed with peach colour satin, and embroidered bands of the satin and silver tassels, like those on the coat, edge the chiffon sleeves

The photograph of this afternoon gown is a tale half-told, for at least half the charm is in the colouring. The gown is of shimmering mauve charmeuse with touches of French blue and a girdle of metal gauze in silver and pastel shades. Metal gauze bands trim the silver-tasselled sleeves and are wound into the turban with a peacock cocarde

Baron de Meyer



Baron de Meyer

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG IN A LUCILE TEA-GOWN

Over a foundation of flesh coloured charmeuse Lucile has allowed her fancy to play along lines that are Florentine, but with a thought for the Orient in a combination of black and silver. A chemise of black chiffon slips on over the head and is draped on the side. The long loose sleeves, which are finished with silver tassels, form one piece across the front and back of the tea-gown.

DESIGNS BY HELEN DRYDEN

The silhouette may not be doing anything new and startling this spring, but the small details that are happening on our frocks keep us busy catching up with them. The woman who realizes that her gown may be a simple background for distinctive accessories has learned one of the greatest secrets of smart and economical dressing. The accessories can certainly make the costume. Take for instance this organdie gilet and the undersleeves that go with it,—when have you seen anything like them—or as charming? Whether one has imagination or not, one can't help thinking of the lovely pale colours these could be made in and how they'd look on a frock of foulard, splashed with quaint designs

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

To Treat a Dress as a Background and to Employ A Variety of Collars and Cuffs as Accenting Notes And High Lights, Is a Secret of the Artist in Dress

WHEN a woman begins to think of her gown as a background and to put her ideas of chic and smartness into the neck and cuff arrangements, she has learned one of the greatest secrets of good dressing. This is something which should not be overlooked by the woman dressing on a war income, for it is very true that when, by some little twist or turn, the collar and cuff arrangement is smart and unusual, one is quite unconscious of the background—the gown itself. It may be a simple frock of serge in navy blue, black, or beige, or it may be a gown of satin or charmeuse in a dark colour, but if the neck and sleeves are charmingly finished, the effect is one of true chic. Of course, one must have a number of these arrangements in order to attain variety. On these three pages are original designs especially planned for this purpose. They are not altogether inexpensive, but they are so simple that they may easily be made at home; and of the many materials, certain combinations bring particularly effective results.

EFFECTIVE MATERIALS FOR GILETS

It is surprising to discover how simply a charming effect may be attained. A piece of handkerchief linen, for instance, finished with a band of dotted swiss bound, in turn, with the linen, is one way to make a flat collar and flat cuffs look French. For summer, organdie in pastel shades is the smartest of all. Batiste and handkerchief linen, both plain and figured, are also used. Chiffon, marquisette, Georgette crêpe, satin, and crêpe de Chine, are other excellent materials for this purpose. One or two summer dresses for country wear have been shown in white pongee or rajah silk, finished at the neck and sleeves with a clever arrangement of silk gingham in coloured checks and stripes. The effect, although very odd, is unusually smart. These separate neck and sleeve arrangements have many advantages and are extremely practical, as they may be worn appropriately, regardless of their material, with almost any type of gown. A gilet of organdie, batiste, chiffon, Georgette crêpe, crêpe de Chine, or satin, is equally charming with a gown of serge, gabardine, satin, or foulard.

There is no new silhouette this year, but Paris has supplied great variety of detail to make up for this. The gilet and cuff have become an important part of the smart woman's

This is another way to treat a simple foulard frock,—although satin would respond equally well. The queer little collar that is almost high, but not quite, is made of organdie, and so are the arm-bands

The simplest frock may be made to express unlimited chic by the wise choice of gilet and cuffs. For this set of organdie gilet and cuffs we suggest the faintest of lemon yellows. And these, combined with a tailored frock, are an infallible prescription for a hot morning in town

The effect upon one's character of a pleated chiffon collar and cuffs like these is very like the one produced by the wearing of lace mitts. No doubt the demure picoted ribbon has a lot to do with it

daytime costume. Therefore, the woman of war-reduced income may easily be as up-to-date in her appearance as the woman whose income the war has not affected. To attain this end, colour combinations must be carefully considered. White, pale grey, or beige are always sure to combine well with any gown, although other colours may be indulged in with discretion.

OF HANDKERCHIEF LINEN

For the tailored dress a gilet and spiral cuffs in white handkerchief linen are suggested. Those sketched in the upper middle on this page are severe in line but are becoming to most women. The narrow collar and fluted ruffles could be bound with a tiny piping in colour. Lemon yellow would be particularly attractive, as it would give an appearance of freshness, even on the hottest July morning in town. The gilet is sleeveless and made with all the care and finish of a French blouse. The cuffs observe the rule of three and each is exactly alike, buttoned with tiny buttons covered with the linen. The gilet fastens with these same linen-covered buttons at the front, and there are hand-made buttonholes. The front sections may be tucked or pleated, but, if made of handkerchief linen, they are far smarter plain.

Foulard is sponsored by Paris and worn by American women, and so has probably come to stay the whole season through. An especially designed foulard dress has an especially designed gilet and undersleeves, and is sketched at the top of page 54. The vest might be of the palest grey organdie; the shirred puffings between cords of the organdie are crisp and very lovely. If the gown were in black with figures in grey or in dark green, or in navy blue marked in white or grey, the effect would be particularly new. One gown from Paquin is in pale grey foulard with a gilet in cream yellow organdie, while Lanvin uses a gilet in French blue chiffon, with pale grey charmeuse. There are unlimited possibilities for these colour combinations. This neck arrangement is very feminine except for the narrow collar which is somewhat mannish in its shape, but ties with a truly feminine ribbon of picot moire in the colour of the gown. The sleeves, which also follow the style of the neck finishing, are finished with this ribbon and, at the wrist, with a binding of the organdie. One of the smartest effects, when colour is used in the material of the vestee and cuffs, is obtained by observing the same shade throughout. Even when lace is used it is dyed to match, and the effect is particularly chic. For instance, when the gilet is white, colour, such as French blue, yellow, or rose is most effective for the binding and trimming; but if the gilet itself is grey, French blue, or beige, it is better to use only that colour for the trimming. However, black or white may be used very effectively to trim these coloured organdies. In a French underblouse of beige batiste, the collar and cuffs and fluted ruffles were bound with black taffeta. This is very striking, but rather impractical.

A little more unusual and a little trying, perhaps, is the collar and cuff arrangement shown

Checked linen can be made to do this with astonishingly little trouble. You can see for yourself how simple it all is; it's the way the ribbon is arranged and the simple charming lines

The collar and cuffs are often the only trimming on a war-time frock. Fine white cotton net, that right bower of ingenuity and economy, is appearing as undersleeves with inch-wide Valenciennes lace, shirred and looking very soft and dainty

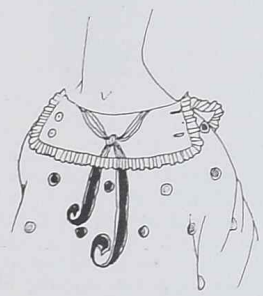
Those amusing old-fashioned peppermint stick stripes that seem especially designed for handkerchief linen are used for this collar and cuff set,—though one may have any colour

Yes, this certainly is a spring of fine and discriminating details; this cuff is just a patrician, though inexpensive, bit of organdie, a tiny bow, a pleated ruffle,—but it suggests fineness and exquisite taste with a conviction that a perfect standing army of costly brocades that "stand alone" would have the greatest difficulty in rivalling

Some wrists absolutely demand a three-quarter length sleeve, and the possessor of such could do no better than to frame them in a straight band of checked linen finished with a fluted ruffle of white organdie

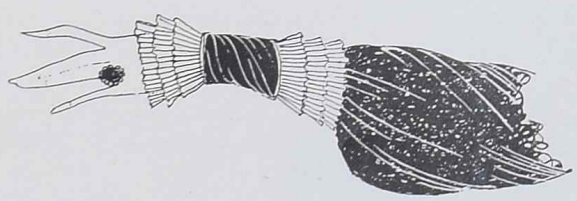
(Left) When printed chiffon is bound with narrow bands of satin or silk in black or colours, the heavier fabric gives just the right accent to fragile chiffon. Just imagine these cuffs and this collar of white chiffon, printed in orchid tones and bound with bands of orchid silk

in the sketch at the upper left on page 55. With a gown of satin foulard, this arrangement of perfectly simple tailor-made lines suggests either satin or organdie. The collar, which starts out to be high and then changes its mind. is buttoned with tiny covered buttons and "Frenched" buttonholes, as are the arm-bands which form the cuffs. Ribbon is doing some unusual things this season, and in this case a narrow grosgrain ribbon is used, "arrowed" most effectively at the ends. It slips through hand-bound slits at either side, and hangs loose in uneven flat ends. This ribbon ties about the cuff band at the wrist in a smart bow. Black or a colour to match the gown could be used, but black would be smartest. An unusual collar which would be very dainty in organdie has a narrow pleated ruffle and a tie of black ribbon. This collar is sketched in the middle on this page. Sketched at the lower left on this page is a collar and vest which would be soft and becoming if developed in chiffon; these draped effects that fasten at one side are very new.

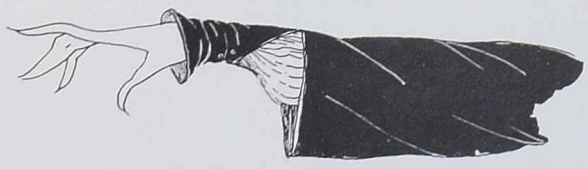


Just two flat frilled pieces of organdie form this collar,—but they are carefully cut, and the neck-line is very good

To begin with, you must have a sweep of line from chin to base of throat to wear this, and if you have, the collar and gilet of soft chiffon are simple and vastly becoming



A black satin band and three narrow pleated ruffles, top and bottom, make the one-piece dress with which they are worn

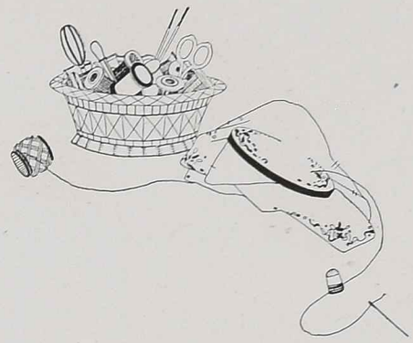


This is one of the most unusual sleeves that has appeared for many fashion moons, and the most economical frock can afford it. The puff under the sleeve is of organdie, chiffon, or net

Burne-Jones' ladies could have worn this neck-line, and if you are built on the same anatomical scheme, you may, too. The gilet is printed chiffon, the collar and bow, taffeta

WOMEN'S CLUBS AND WAR WORK

PERHAPS there is no more interesting phase of all the vast amount of war work that is being done in this country at the present time than that accomplished by the women's clubs. Aside from the undoubted value of the actual results achieved, this work has another very important significance. It is that women have learned to do cooperative work; that they have learned to work with women, for organizations whose executives are women, and that a well-organized body of women can accomplish deeds that are of national importance. They have also proved that what is popularly referred to as "woman's work," may, in time of stress and emergency, take on a form that strongly resembles "a man's sized job."



THE UNIVERSITY CLUB

When the Government first sent out its request that the entire country do its utmost to conserve food, the club women of New York City recognized the fact that if any appreciable results were to be achieved, the matter would have to be considered from the point of view of practical domestic science, as well as general economics. So early in July, when the vegetable and fruit crops were at their height, the University Club, the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense, and the Junior League united to establish the City Canning and Drying Kitchen, which was to prove such a success later. This Kitchen was stationed on the lower East Side, and for it were procured, from all the numerous piers in New York where the farm produce is landed, the fruit and vegetables that were ordinarily wasted. During the season, tons of produce are destroyed by the dealers who can not sell their entire loads and would rather throw what remains at the end of the day into the river than to sell it below the market standard. This produce was obtained by the Kitchen, and the news was given out in the neighbourhood that any woman who chose to work in the Kitchen at the preserving of this food could do so at the rate of twenty cents an hour, which payment she took out either in jars of preserved food at the end of the season or in uncooked food at the end of her day's work. The food was, of course, sold at cost, so that if a woman worked in the Kitchen only a few hours a week, her season's earnings were not negligible. Records of the hours of work were kept by punched time-cards; each punch represented one hour, and each hour twenty cents. The three hundred and twenty-five workers came, not only from the neighbourhood, but from all over Greater New York; they came from Brooklyn, from the Bronx, and even Jersey sent its quota. The Kitchen was in charge of domestic science experts, whose salaries were paid by the State Department of Agriculture, and who instructed in the scientific preservation of fruit and vegetables, but the Hungarian, Bohemian, and French workers also contributed many valuable recipes which they had learned in their own countries. Concerning this work, Miss Mable H. Kittredge, who was, last summer, Chairman of the Food Committee of the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense, says, "The work of last summer was a great success, not only because it proved that ten tons and more of food now wasted during the season could be saved, but also because it made the public realize the conditions under which food is transported and the necessity of changing these conditions, so that the farmer will receive payment for all produce and the consumer have the benefit of all foodstuffs arriving at our terminals. It also taught the woman workers, rich and poor alike, what real cooperative work is. In the Kitchen there was no consciousness that some were teachers and others pupils; three hundred and twenty-five women worked out food preservation problems together, each feeling that she contributed her share of the labour." Miss Kittredge also made very emphatic the necessity of carrying this work on during the coming days of food shortage and high prices. Concerning this she said, "If foodstuffs can be bought wholesale and fuel saved by cooking it in quantities and the foods thus cooked distributed, much will be accomplished. It is a time when communities must work together, if we are to prevent want in the city, and not the time for each woman to solve her own problems individually."

MORE WORK OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB

Delegates from the National Service Committee of the Women's University Club have kept in touch with numberless organizations for war service; they are operating closely with the Advisory Council of the Woman's Land Army, and have sent a speaker to the Grange meetings of New York State explaining to them the importance of the employment of women on the farms in this country. The committee also serves other organizations, such as the Society for the Americanization of the Foreign Born, and the War Service Committee of the Medical Women's National Association. A fund for the reconstruction of a chapel at Croix-Molineaux was sent to France, and a Club ambulance has been maintained at the front for the past six months. Further, the University Club has opened a Registration Bureau for all college women who wish to do war work. The clubhouse itself is run according to all food and fuel regulations prescribed by the Government.

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

"Will you, a merciful woman, carry one hot drink to a wounded soldier in France?" This was the first appeal sent out by Gertrude Atherton, last December, in behalf of the Motor Unit of the Women's City Club of New York. The object of this Motor Unit was to establish in France, under "Le Bien-Être du Blessé," a unit of eight motor trucks which were to be driven by American girls and which were to supply the first aid dressing stations with hot drinks and nourishment for the men who had just been brought to the stations from the front. This is a very important and merciful work, for many lives are lost that might be saved by one hot drink given the sufferer before he is conveyed to a base hospital. Two months after the first appeal was sent out, the City Club had operating in France six trucks of the eight that it intends to send. Entering this service means that a woman pledges herself to be under orders of military severity from the time she reaches Paris until six months or a year from that time, according to her contract. The work is done in the war zone, and often under fire. Each truck is driven by an American girl and a French soldier, and the trips made are from fifteen to thirty miles at a time. Already there are twelve women in France carrying on this work, and the City Club has countless more applicants. The nature and conditions of the work are, of course, such that the woman chosen to do it must fulfil the most exacting qualifications. Not only must she be reliable and in practically perfect physical condition, but she must be able to manage a car on the roughest of roads and repair it rapidly in case of a breakdown en route. Furthermore, each woman must be able to support herself and pay for the maintenance of her car while she is in the service. The funds of the Motor Unit are administered by a separate company, so that its affairs are conducted in the most efficient and businesslike manner possible.

The Women's City Club, the Cosmopolitan Club, the Parents' League, and the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense cooperated with other smaller organizations in order to issue a food bulletin which was published monthly for six months. There were about five thousand copies of this bulletin at each issue and, as the headline that appeared on each bulletin stated, the bulletin was "intended to help us solve the problem of feeding our Allies and ourselves—a problem which may control the outcome of the war." The local food situation from month to month was discussed

(*Continued on page 93*)

RECRUIT ONE MAN FOR THE NAVY!

FIFTY thousand new men are needed for our Navy. Who these men are to be and in what manner they are to discover that this is their particular opportunity for service, is a responsibility that rests not alone with the men themselves, but with each and every one of us. The recruiting of the men is an opportunity to do an added bit for the cause which is the one important thing in life to-day.

In a recent issue of Vogue we published an article entitled "Recruit One Man for the Navy," telling of the advantages which the Navy offers and suggesting ways in which our readers might interest potential sailors. If each of our regular readers would make herself responsible for the recruiting of one man, we alone could more than double the number of recruits actually needed. Vogue will publish an Honour Roll with the names of all those who have signed and mailed to us the pledge slip printed on this page. Will you not be one to sign it? If the men of your family have already enlisted, talk to your newsboy, your chauffeur, the clerk who serves you in one of your shops. Or, failing that, go to one of the Navy Recruiting booths; it will not be long before you will have one man at least to your credit. You have not done your share when you have given money—or even friends or family. There is no portioning off of our responsibility into shares—your share and my share. The only limit to our responsibility is the limit to our physical and spiritual energies.

VOGUE

As one of your readers, I pledge myself to do my utmost to recruit one man for the Navy.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Alfred Cheney Johnston

MRS. ARTURO DE HEEREN AND HER SON, RODMAN ARTURO DE HEEREN

Mrs. Arturo de Heeren was, before her marriage, Miss Fernanda Wanamaker, daughter of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker and granddaughter of Mr. John Wanamaker. She is a sister of Mrs. Gurnee Munn of Washington and also of Mr. John Wanamaker, junior, who recently married Miss Pauline Disston. Mr. De Heeren is Attaché at the Spanish Embassy in Washington

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Mr. Frederick C. Walcott was the speaker at a meeting of the members of the New York Honour System of Voluntary Rationing. From left to right in the front row are: Mrs. Fulton Cutting, Miss Bertha Shapleigh, Mrs. Henry Seligman, Mrs. Robert Winthrop, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Frank Gray Griswold, Mr. Frederick C. Walcott, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, Mrs. Roche. Also included in the group are Mrs. Frederick Pratt, of Brooklyn, Mrs. Whitney Warren and her daughter, Mrs. William Greenough, Miss Bell Gurnee, Mrs. Edward Padelford, Mrs. Gardiner Gayley, Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Mrs. William Lawrence Wood, Mrs. Julian Robbins, Mrs. Francis Scott, Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Mrs. William Woodward, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. John Magee, Mrs. J. T. Atterbury, Mrs. Charles Steele, Mrs. Condé Nast, Mrs. Herbert Scoville, Miss Frelinghuysen, and Mrs. Frederick Tams

MR. HOOVER'S NEW ALLIES

New York Householders and Their Employés Combine Forces in a Food Conservation Campaign Based on Voluntary Rationing

THE French are certainly a delightful race. They have the enthusiasm of youth and the graciousness of aristocracy; in fact one might go on indefinitely making a list of French virtues and charms, but the two already mentioned were recently illustrated by an incident of Paris life. On Sunday, the third of February, when the news of the New York Honour System of Voluntary Rationing had just reached France, all the kiosks of the Champs Elysées and the Boulevards, displayed posters announcing the fact that "America Has Gone on War Rations for Us." The adoption of a rationing system, which at the most can cause us only a little inconvenience, met with instant and grateful recognition from a nation which has for two years at least been suffering actual privation in addition to the strain of war.

Some time ago Mr. Hoover wrote to the members of the United States Food Administration: "The Allies ask us to meet only their absolutely imperative needs. They are restricting the consumption of their own people to the minimum necessary for health and strength. They are controlling their food by drastic government regulation. There is even actual privation among their women and children; there is starvation in Belgium.

"The Allies need wheat and meat and fats and sugar. They must have more of all of these than we have been sending, more than we shall be able to send unless we restrict our own consumption. We can do it without harm, for, as a nation, we are to-day eating and wasting much more food than we need.

THE ENEMY AT HOME

"The whole great problem of winning the war rests primarily on one thing: the loyalty and sacrifice of the American people in the matter of food. It is not a government responsibility, it is the responsibility of each individual. Each pound of food saved by each American citizen is a pound given to the support of our Army, the Allies, and the friendly neutrals. Each pound wasted or eaten unnecessarily is a pound withheld from them. It is a direct personal obligation on the part of each of us to some one in Europe whom we are bound to help.

"If we are selfish or even careless, we are disloyal, we are the enemy at home. Now is the hour of our testing. Let us make it the hour of our victory; victory over ourselves; victory over the Enemy of Freedom."

At Mr. Hoover's request, Mrs. F. Gray Griswold organized a movement for voluntary rationing in New York, and she has been sworn in as a Federal Commissioner and now occupies an office at the headquarters of the Food Administration in New York. It is from her office that the New York Honour System Ration Pledge has been issued. This pledge was printed in the March 1 issue of Vogue; it binds those who sign it to use butter, sugar, meat, and wheat flour as sparingly as France and England have been using them; but they have a choice of a variety of other foods which leaves them no grounds for complaint.

This pledge has been mailed by the Honour System Committee to sixty thousand of the women in greater New York who can best afford to buy substitutes for the foods most needed by the Allies. With this Ration Card was enclosed a Pledge Card to be signed and returned to Mrs. Griswold, who sent to all the signers a Food Card, similar to that which has been used in England for over a year now, to be hung in the window, to indicate that the household was administered according to Mr. Hoover's ideas.

In its efforts to conserve food the Honour System Committee has met with enthusiastic cooperation from the Patriotic Food League of America, an organization of chefs, butlers, and household employés which finds itself in the enviable position of the Admirable Crichton. Everyone remembers Barrie's delightful play with its second act which showed a family of shipwrecked English aristocrats on a desert island in the Pacific. In this crisis they appeal to Crichton, the admirable and perfect butler, who was on the yacht with them when the storm came; through his resourcefulness they are able to take up a normal life again. Now that we are all groping in the more or less foreign land of rationing, the natural result is that those who know most about the subject of food conservation should take matters into their own hands to tell us what to do. The Admirable Crichtons of New York, and the other household employés of that 30% which, it has been estimated, controls the wealth of this country, have formed themselves into a league for conserving food. It is that 30% who can afford to buy the expensive substitutes which we are asked to use if possible in order to release wheat for the front, and naturally the chefs, butlers, and cooks employed by these families are the most competent authorities on both substitution and conservation. When they were incorporated under the name of the Patriotic Food League of America, they telegraphed to Mr. Hoover to tell him of their organization, and he replied with a telegram in which he said that he considered them as much a part of the Food Administration as he was himself.

THE PATRIOTIC LEAGUE OF EMPLOYÉS

On Sunday, February tenth, the Patriotic Food League held a meeting at the Century Theatre. The audience was made up of more than three thousand chefs, cooks, and butlers. Prominent New York women filled the boxes,—among them Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, Mrs. Frank Gray Griswold, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mrs. John Kahn, Mrs. E. S. Harkness, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mrs. James Speyer, Mrs. Henry W. Alexander, Mrs. James Lanier, Mrs. Harold Pratt, Miss Juliana Cutting, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. Each of these women had her entire domestic staff in the audience. Enthusiasm ran high, and cheers and applause greeted Father Ignatius Smith when he said that this war was going to be won by "bread and bullets."

(*Continued on page 96*)

CONVERSATION AND CONSERVATION

The Newest National Sport, Called Conservation, Is an Exciting Game, For the Object Is to Beat the Kaiser

THERE was once a time, before the war, when one felt that it was a matter of delicacy and even of decency, to refrain from discussing certain questions pertaining to the cost of living and to one's own personal economies. A mention of the price of the roast with which one served one's guest was not unlike a mention of the intimate details of one's bath. And to state the sacrifices which had purchased one's chinchilla coat was as indelicate as a discussion of one's digestion. But that, as we have said, was before the war. It was before it had become as fashionable to be of the *nouveaux pauvres*, through patriotism, as it was once unfashionable to be of the nouveaux riches. It was before the days when keeping the home fires burning took half one's income and when a well-filled sugar bowl meant that one more little pig had gone to market.

THE SMARTNESS OF ECONOMY

Now things are very very different. Conversation, once merely an exchange of thoughts, has become an exchange of thoughts on conservation. The most entertaining woman is the one who tells the most interesting anecdotes of fireless furnaces, meatless roasts, and eatless days. "How are you feeling, my dear?" as a conversational opening, will soon be "How are you feeding, my dear?" And "How are you getting along?", will no doubt become "How much are you getting along on?"

No longer need we conceal our small economies. No longer need we, though caught with empty purse, endeavour to appear to be embarrassed with opulence. No longer, indeed, need we feel shy or reticent about conversing frankly of the cost of things. For the cost of things of anything, from a half-pound of butter to a trip to California, is now the very smartest topic of conversation. No woman can hope to hold her own who has not a fund of incidents relating to the way the grocer tried to charge her eighteen cents for sugar and the dressmaker (whose mother-in-law is pro-German) tried to put four and five-eighth yards of velours into her suit. No gathering of women is complete without a full discussion of the cost of meat, butter, eggs, and theatre tickets. An afternoon tea sounds like a meeting of the stock exchange and a quiet morning at the Red Cross is like an oral review in arithmetic problems.

These are up-to-date matrons and, like everybody else, they are playing to see who can make a pound of butter, a cup of sugar, and a yard of silk do the biggest bit

But there is still one form of conservation which has not yet been attempted and which might well be added to the list—the conservation of conversation itself. In no respect are we so generous and, even, so extravagant. It is quite probable that a statistician could prove that the conservation of one-third or even one-fourth of the energy now expended in conversation would clothe the army, feed them, and carry them across the Rhine. This would be practically certain were the suggestion applied to Congress. There are several of our prominent statesmen, each of whom might outfit an entire regiment. Aliens are by no means the only ones who might well adopt the slogan, "Keep your mouth shut and win the war." There are pacifists, and pessimists, and conscientious objectors, and landladies, and the women who live in the apartment overhead. And almost any wife could conserve in this manner, with far less opposition than she has met on her meatless Tuesdays.

However, conservation is fast becoming a sport—of both the indoor and outdoor varieties. And we are a nation that takes its sports seriously and allows them to monopolize our time. There was a day when our conversation was chiefly about bridge, when our magazines fairly oozed information on the subject, and when life was just one hand after another. Then we took to skating and were so busy making circles on the ice that the sands of time must have been quite bare of footprints. But it was all child's play compared to this matter of conservation. For this game can be played at any hour, at any season, and in any weather.

The conscientious conservator begins to play when his cereal is served, continues through his sugarless coffee, his corn-meal muffins, and his eggless omelet, and is still playing when he fights his

(*Continued on page* 87)

THE WORLD MOVES TO WASHINGTON

The Capital Has Grown in Population Like a Western Mining Camp and Is Now without Enough of Anything Except Red Tape and Patriotic War Workers

WASHINGTON is suffering from growing pains. It has shot up over night and is in the throes of developing from a comfortable provincial town into a real capital, a capital which, like London and Paris, may one day be the centre of the intellectual, artistic, and social life, as well as the political life of the nation. Wars are proverbial makers of capitals, and it is increasingly evident that Washington will never go back to its leisurely ante-bellum existence. Even before the war it was becoming more and more the custom for people of wealth and position from other cities to spend at least part of "the season" in Washington. The war has brought us, with all the nobodies from nowhere who hurried on to help Uncle Sam win the war and to help themselves to good jobs, no end of somebodies from everywhere. Once acclimated, they are sure to return again and again, for Washington has a charm which one does not easily forget.

At present, one is forced to admit, the charm is a bit veiled. Life in the capital is tremendously interesting to one who likes to keep a finger on the pulse of things, but it is monstrously uncomfortable. Hotels are jammed and, from the proprietors thereof to the coat boys, the attendants have developed a cavalier manner which is infuriating. Apartments are not to be had for love or money, and houses, when available at all, rent for fabulous sums.

Traffic, which has heretofore been regulated more or less by ear, has become a problem to engage the attention of the municipal authorities and to endanger life and limb. The street-cars suggest the New York subway in its worst moments. The streets, which formerly had an atmosphere of leisure, are now filled with hurrying throngs. They have, however, the merit of being picturesque. One sees smart *mondaines* from New York and Philadelphia, and from Chicago and San Francisco; men in the navy blue, forest green, or olive drab uniforms of our own service outnumber civilians four or five to one; and the vari-coloured uniforms of the officers of the Allied armies, so numerously resident here, lend interest as well as variety to the scene.

The telephone service has become very unsatisfactory, due in a measure to the enormous amount of business Uncle Sam is now transacting by 'phone. Food is scarce and high, the number of mouths to feed having increased anywhere from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand (so much do the estimates vary) in a city of less than four hundred thousand. The shops are taxed to capacity, of course, and some things are not to be had at all. Furniture, for instance, cannot be bought at any price. The reason for this shortage is the fact that Washington has made a wholesale business of renting apartments or houses, furnishing them as sketchily as possible, and subletting them to the men and women who have flocked to Washington for war work.

Of course, the charge of profiteering has been raised against Washington, but not quite fairly. Where the demand so exceeds the supply, prices are sure to go up; and, moreover, more than one prominent Washingtonian, who has had no idea of renting his house, has had the roof taken from over his very head by some outsider who has made him an offer than no sane man could afford to refuse in these days when the income tax impends and Liberty Bonds must be purchased.

Not only Government clerks, newly fledged reserve officers on department duty, war supplies contractors, and other men in similar positions are responsible for the greatest increase of Washington's population; there also are hundreds of men of great influence, enormous wealth,

(*Continued on page* 87)

CABBAGES VERSUS KINGS

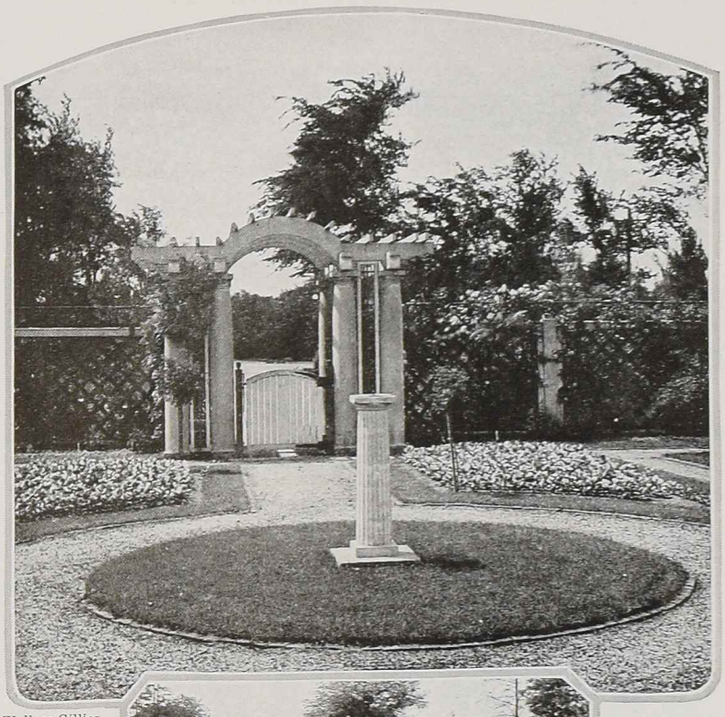
A War Garden Is a Factory Making Munitions To Hurl Against That Arch Enemy, Food Shortage

By ROBERT STELL

WHAT does it all amount to, this war garden activity? Briefly, it amounted, in 1917, to the fact that approximately three million war gardens were planted and cared for by the people of America. They were made in back-yards, on vacant lots, and on other land hitherto uncultivated. Their aggregate acreage was one million one hundred and fifty thousand. They yielded food crops valued at three hundred and fifty million dollars. Upward of five hundred million quarts of vegetables and fruit were preserved by the housewives, to say nothing of the enormous quantities of like crops which went directly from the soil to the table. True, there was waste,—waste of time, labour, land, seed, and garden materials of all sorts. Enthusiasm misdirected through ignorance of the essential requirements of plants and planters waned to discouragement as weeds and failure grew instead of the "bit" which thousands had planned to raise. Yet the movement, broadly considered, was gratifyingly successful. It is being repeated this year on larger and saner lines. Hundreds of thousands of recruits have stepped into the places of those few who lost heart. The mistakes of last year are not being repeated; the National War Garden Commission, the press of the country, and the experience of the gardeners themselves are seeing to that. Our 1918 contribution to the garden food crop of the world will be a vital factor in the winning of the war.

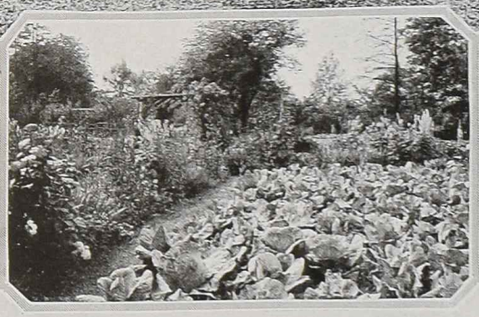
A successful vegetable plot is the patriotic duty of every one who has suitable land to devote to it. Even where this involves the commandeering of space hitherto given over to flowers, there should be no hesitation. Such ground is usually more productive than that which has been previously untilled, and whatever sacrifice of beauty may be involved is more than justified. However, there need be no great loss of charm in making vegetables instead of flowers the predominant feature of a garden. Of course, one can not pretend that cabbage is as beautiful as cosmos, and there is no denying that a moderately wide gulf separates rutabaga from roses. Yet the vegetable garden need not be less attractive to the eye than to the appetite. Only custom prevents us from edging a kitchen-garden with sweet alyssum, or walling it in with the tall spires of delphiniums, or hollyhocks, or the lower growth and brilliant flowers of salvia. The possibilities along these lines are unlimited, and we may confidently look to see many of them successfully carried out during the coming months.

What one shall plant, and when, and where, are questions which can be answered here only in very general terms, but detailed information is readily available to everyone. Upon request, the National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C., will distribute, free of charge, a pamphlet containing this information and entitled "War Vegetables Gardening." If vegetable gardening is an untried field, one should take heed not to attempt too much. It is wisest to concentrate on such staple and easily grown crops as sweet corn, bush, lima, and string beans, peas, tomatoes, beets, carrots, salsify, turnips, and parsnips. Spinach, endive, and lettuce may be added, but unless one is very sure of himself it is better not to attempt melons, celery, or cauliflower. The majority of these things are planted after the frost is entirely out and when the soil is somewhat warmer. It is best, however, to start tomatoes under glass and to set the plants out in their permanent places after they have grown to a fair size. Often it is possible to buy tomato plants ready to set out, which is of considerable advantage if they are a good variety and well developed. Constant care and cultivation are far more essential to the success of vegetable crops than to the success of a flower garden. Weeds and insect pests are allied in an endless effort to batter down the defences of worthier things, and it is the duty of every war gardener to drive them from their trenches and shatter their lines of communication. To accomplish this, the arms and ammunition must be determination and knowledge. The first is a matter of personality, and the second is embodied in the pamphlet already described.



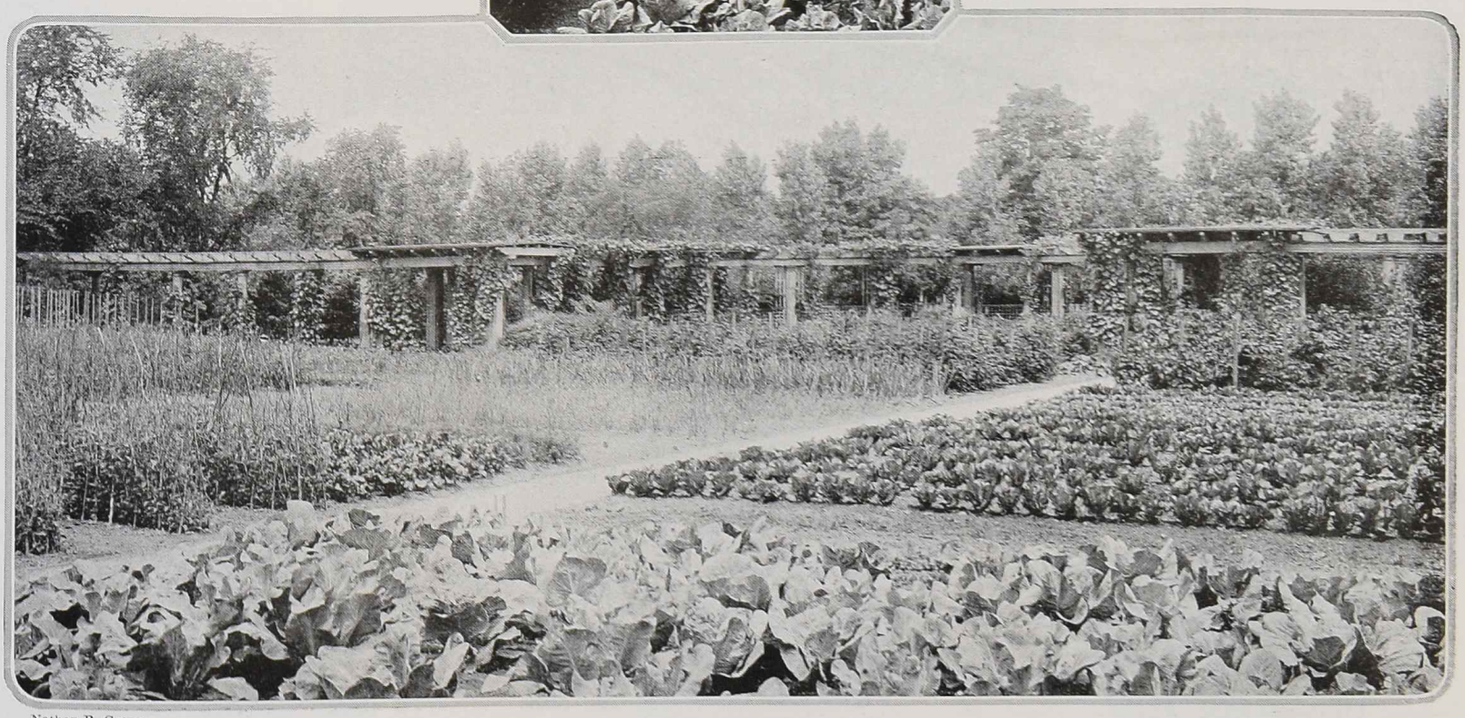
John Wallace Gillies

(Above) The garden of Mr. Studebaker, junior, at South Bend, Indiana, proves that vegetables may be attractive to the eye and also to the appetite



(Left) Flowers and vegetables live together amicably and decoratively in the garden of Mrs. Ernest Iselin, at New Rochelle, New York

Mattie Edwards Hewitt Studio



Nathan R. Graves

The time has come, the Government says, to talk of cabbages and a certain king, and to pit them one against the other. Therefore, it is the patriotic duty of everyone who owns a few feet of land suitable for gardening to turn it into a vegetable plot

MAKERS OF MUSIC

"The Golden Cock" Announces the Dawn Of a New Opera Fashion, Where Pantomime Shares the Honours with Singing

By HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

The rôle of the Astrologer was sung by Diaz and mimed by Bonfiglio, at the première of "Le Coq d'Or" in New York. Out of the East and Willy Pogany's head came the costumes for this bizarre and gorgeous opera, first given at Moscow, in 1909, and presented later in Paris and London by the Diaghileff Ballet as an opera-pantomime

Amelfa, the chatelaine of King Dodon's palace and the keeper of the keys, is the part sung by Sophie Braslau and mimed by Queenie Smith. She it is who watches over the King as he sleeps, with his mind at ease, after the Astrologer has brought him the Golden Cock who will always warn him of any danger by crowing "Kikeriki, kikerikou!"

Maria Barrientos is here shown in a costume of her native Spain. In "Le Coq d'Or" she sang the rôle of the Queen, which was mimed by Rosina Galli. This opera, which marks a new fashion in opera, was given here under the direction of Pierre Monteux, who conducted the performances in Paris and London

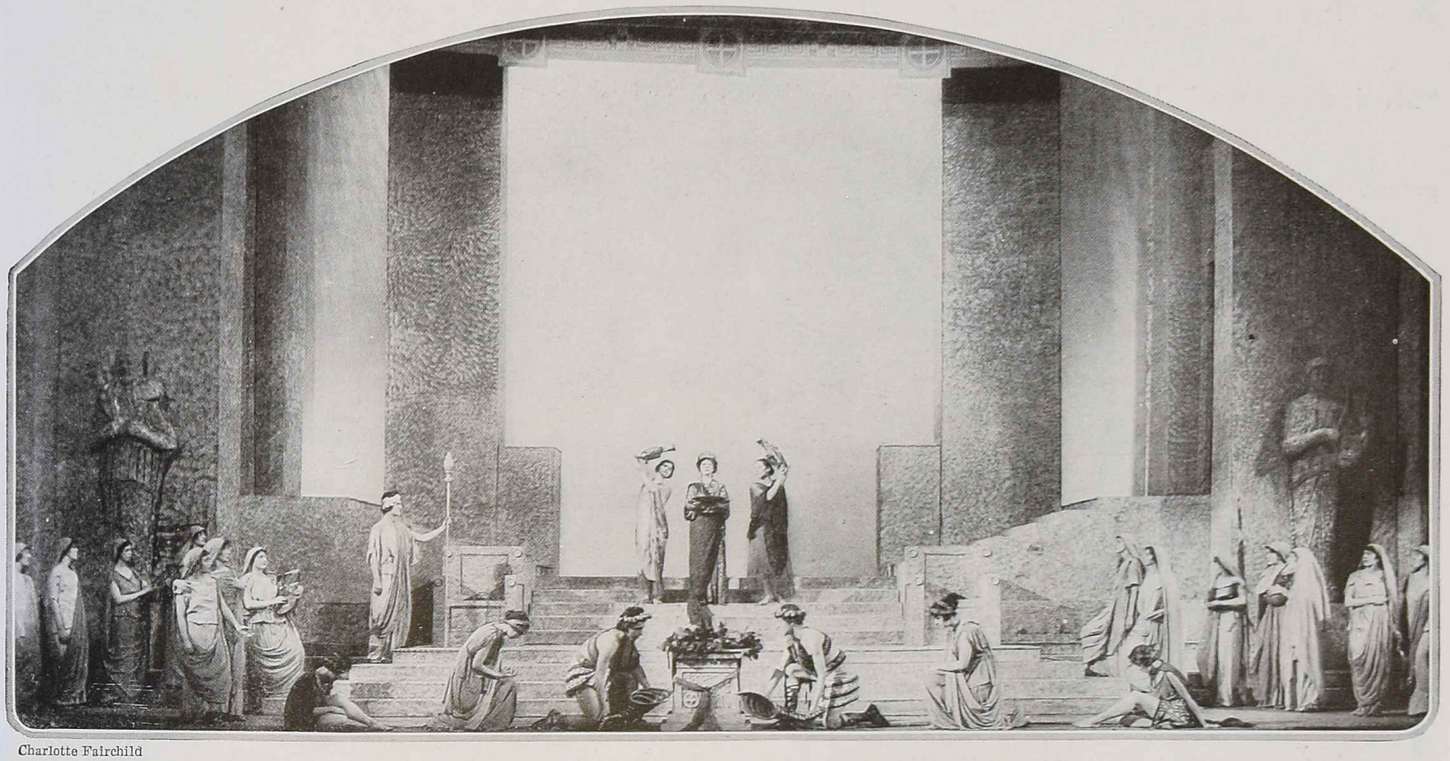
At the Metropolitan, Maria Barrientos sang the part of the capricious and heartless Queen, which was mimed by Rosina Galli. When "Le Coq d'Or" was given in Paris, Fokine arranged a mise en scène for the Opera, in which the singers sat about upon the stage while the action was performed by the ballet, suggesting the Nō drama of Japan

Adolf Bolm staged "Le Coq d'Or" for the Metropolitan. He also mimed the rôle of King Dodon, which was sung by Didur. New York, therefore, had the novel privilege of seeing a Russian opera, written by Rimsky-Korsakoff, with a story founded on a fairy-tale by the great Russian poet, Pushkin, and staged by a Russian, who acted the leading rôle

AFTER all, the purpose of an opera house is the production of beautiful music drama. Our Geraldine Farrars and Amelita Galli-Curcis, our Carusos and Chaliapines, arrest the eye and capture the attention. It is easier to talk of Farrar's gown than of Puccini's orchestration. The miracle of Galli-Curci's high E is more intelligible than the miracle of Donizetti's melodic modelling. But it is Puccini and Donizetti who give Farrar and Galli-Curci their reason for being on the stage. Before the musician was, music is. The operatic star can be set only in the firmament of opera.

Too often, as all know, the operatic work seeks to reverse the relation. "Monna Vanna," wretched music that it is, was brought to this country as a special manufactured firmament for Mary Garden's star, and proved as tawdry as the canvas "cycloramas" of the nineties.

(*Continued on page 95*)



Charlotte Fairchild

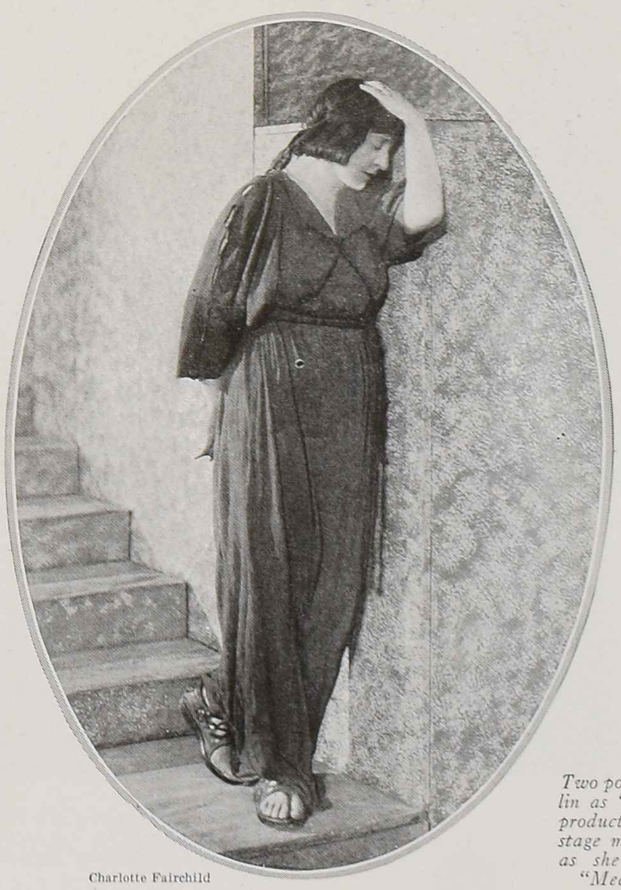
In this impressive scene from "Electra," Clytemnestra (centre) prepares to pour libations to the gods in memory of her husband, Agamemnon, whom she and Ægisthus have murdered. At either side stand the chorus, robed in grey; the Leader, at the left with leaves in her hair, is Diantha Pattison

SOPHOCLES *and* EURIPIDES *on the* STAGE *of* TO-DAY

Margaret Anglin, with Faith in Truth and Beauty, Has "Discovered" the Modern Theatrical Appeal of Old Greek Tragedy

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is a superstition among theatre managers that great drama does not pay; and this superstition leads to an enormous waste of time by the theatregoing public and an enormous waste of money by the managers themselves. Thousands and thousands of dollars were thrown away, and many gamblers who regard themselves as men of business were driven into bankruptcy, by the production of the late lamentable hodgepodge of vaudeville and nonsense at the Century Theatre, entitled "Miss 1917"; but it never occurred to any of these undertakers—and, by a happy accident, the word "undertaker" is a literal translation of the French word "entrepreneur"—that money might be made, instead of lost, by producing certain great examples of the classic drama. If only our "commercial" managers were a little more commercial, they might be tempted some time to make a study of the economic records of the business in which they find themselves engaged. They would learn then that the heads of the public loom far higher than they customarily assume, and that a great play adequately acted seldom fails to pay its way. They would learn that the one drama in the English language that has drawn more money to the box-office than any other is the tragedy of "Hamlet," which, originally acted in 1602, can still be counted on to crowd the house whenever and wherever it is competently rendered. They would learn that any stock company can do a good week's business at any time by putting up "The School for Scandal," which was originally acted in 1777. The fact that hundreds of scholars and professors have called this composition the greatest comedy of manners in the English language has never kept a dollar away from the box-office. The general public is not afraid of greatness; it is only the managers who have decided that the literary efforts of Mr. George V. Hobart are more likely to appeal to the popular taste.



Charlotte Fairchild

Two poses of Margaret Anglin as "Electra," for which production she was both stage manager and heroine, as she was also for the "Medea" of Euripides

If Margaret Anglin had accomplished nothing else, she would be entitled to a vote of gratitude for proving that there is a large and eager public in this country which is willing to pay money for the privilege of seeing the tragic dramas of the Greeks. For Miss Anglin's first performance in New York of the "Electra" of Sophocles, on the afternoon of February 6, the house was crowded to the roof; and it must be remembered that Carnegie Hall is capable of seating more than three thousand people. This great outpouring of the public was not especially impressive to the present commentator. Miss Anglin has a large following among theatre-lovers: Mr. Walter Damrosch has a large following among music-lovers: and there is always a strong "interest of curiosity"—to use a phrase translated from the French—which leads the American public to investigate a first performance, in the spirit of that expressive formula made famous in Missouri,—"You'll have to show me." As soon as the play was over, I made my way as quickly as possible from my seat in the middle of the orchestra; but, by the time I reached the lobby, my further progress was impeded by a line of people which, beginning at the box-office, extended clear across the building, and down the steps, and out into the wintry street. These hundreds of people "had been shown," and were unwilling to go home before they had bought tickets for the subsequent performance of the "Medea" of Euripides. They stood there, patiently, with money in their hands, to pay their meed of tribute to two dramatists who had been dead for more than twenty centuries; and, as I looked upon these people, I felt ashamed of my own status as a guest. But—more than that—I felt ashamed of my own efforts to create appreciation of the plays of our contemporaries. How can any critic who has seen a fine performance of a tragedy by Sophocles go home and write an article

(*Continued on page* 89)

SEEN *on the* STAGE

"Musical Shows" Have Regenerated, Slap-stick Comedians No Longer Regale Us

By CLAYTON

Again We Are Reminded of the Artistic Heritage of the Families of Barrymore and Drew

HAMILTON

Abbe

Carroll McComas supplies some of the exclamation points which indicate the success of that musical comedy, "Oh, Lady! Lady!!", which was written by the Bolton, Wodehouse, and Kern triumvirate

Burr McIntosh

Dorothy Dickson has found that her first singing and speaking part in "Girl O'Mine" is just second nature to her

Victor Georg

Mary Ryan as Emily West in "The Little Teacher" has all the traditional difficulties of a country school-teacher. Her audience spends its time either laughing until it cries or just plain crying

IF the brilliant Maurice Barrymore were still alive, he would have every reason to be proud of the achievements of his children. Great acting, like great painting, runs in families. In any adequate history of the American stage, a chapter or two would have to be devoted to the past achievements of the Barrymores and Drews—two families that became associated when the sister of John Drew (whose mother had been a celebrated actress) was married to Maurice Barrymore; but that future chapter which will deal with the activities of the still-rising generation gives promise now of being the most brilliant of the lot. Mr. John Drew is commonly regarded, at the present moment, as the leading actor of our stage; but his reputation is already being rivalled by his nephews and his niece. The younger generation, to emphasize that famous phrase of Ibsen's, is knocking loudly at the door.

CHARM AS A HANDICAP

All three of the children of Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew suffered, at the outset of their careers upon the stage, from a handicap that might have led to their undoing; for each of them inherited a gloriole of charm that made any effort seem unnecessary. Their personal appearance was so captivating to the public that it seemed superfluous to ask whether they could act or not. Ethel Barrymore, throughout the first ten years of her apprenticeship, packed the house with yearning girls and boys who loved her loveliness. In those years, many critics whose intention was by no means hostile, told the public, time and time again, that Ethel could not act, and even predicted that she would never be an actress. But they retracted this opinion, half a dozen years ago. The change was registered between Miss Barrymore's original attempt to portray the heroine of "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" and her subsequent endeavour, precisely six years later, to project this self-same character. Meanwhile, Miss Barrymore had been married and had become a mother; and these apparently extraneous events had ripened and matured her appreciation of the genius of Sir James Barrie. After a period of retirement, she reappeared upon our stage in the unexpected guise of a great actress, and she has been a great actress ever since. Her art has been improved, through careful study, month by month and year by year; and she is now, with the exception of Miss Margaret Anglin, the finest actress on the American stage.

Abbe

When Leonore Ulric is playing "The Weaker One," the story of a brave French girl who went to war when her brother feared to, it is because she is doing it for war charity and not because "Tiger Rose" has faded

THE HOUSE OF BARRYMORE

Ethel's elder brother, Lionel, was already accepted for a fine actor fifteen years ago, as those of us who saw him in such plays as "The Other Girl" can testify; but, at the apparent crescence of his career as an actor, he decided to retire from the stage in order to devote his attention entirely to the art of painting. Lionel Barrymore has made many good pictures in the course of the last dozen years; but his tardy return to the stage has been welcomed by a larger and

(*Continued on page* 83)

Paramount

Billie Burke plays Cyprienne in "Let's Get a Divorce," a high burlesque screen version of Sardou's "Divorçons." The schoolgirl beguiles time with romantic dreams of chivalry—visions of herself as an imprisoned and insulted maiden to be rescued by a knight in armour

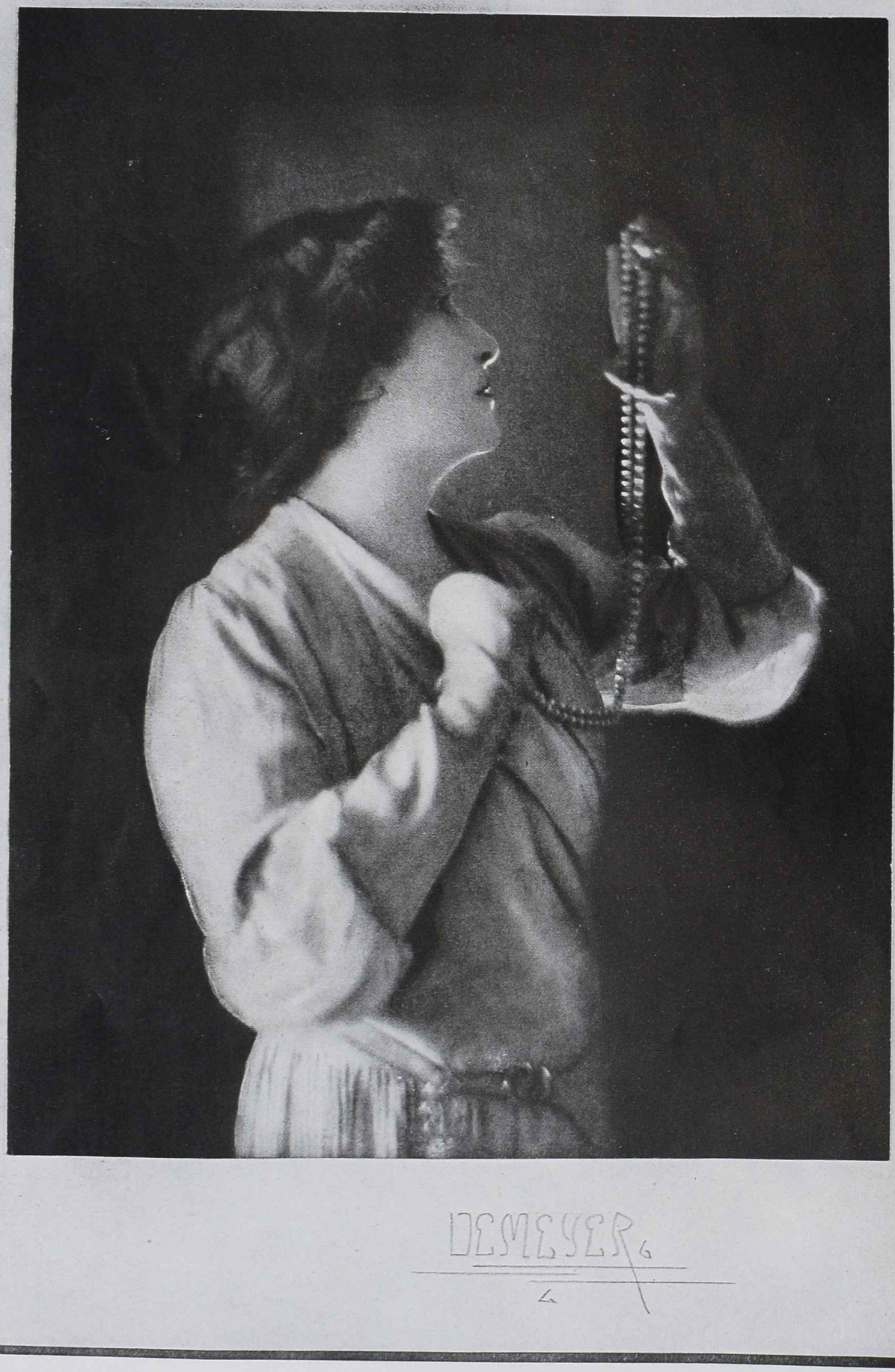
Arteraft

In "Stella Maris," from the novel by William J. Locke, Mary Pickford plays the dual rôle of a little waif and of an invalid rich girl who believed the world all roses and sunshine. Her aunt tries to soften the effect of her first disillusion

Paramount

Marguerite Clark's captivating success in "Prunella" at the Little Theatre in 1913 led to a brilliant "movie" career, and now it is a Prunella of the screen who follows Pierrot to become a strolling player. Painted backdrops in poster effect are used here for the first time in motion-pictures

IN THE "MOVIE" WORLD, WE ARE PERFECTLY WILLING TO BELIEVE BILLIE BURKE, MARY PICKFORD, AND MARGUERITE CLARK TO BE THE ROMANTIC CHILDREN OF THEIR WHIMSICAL AND DELIGHTFUL PLAYS

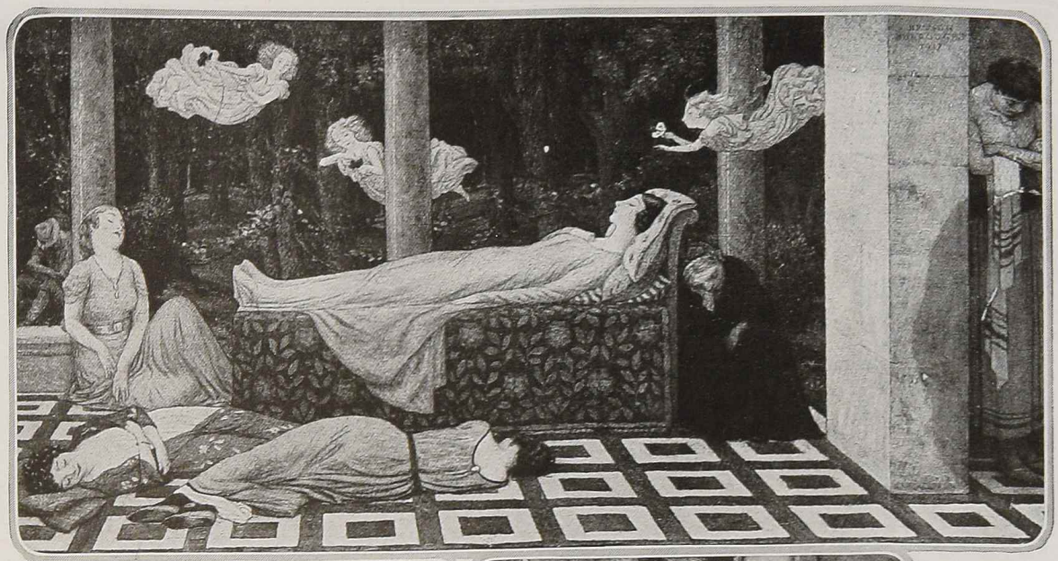


MELBA AS MARGUERITE

This latest photograph of Melba, taken specially for Vogue by Baron de Meyer, shows the great artist as Marguerite in "Faust," a rôle which she sang twice this winter in New York with the Chicago Opera Company. At the concert given at the Ritz for the benefit of "L'Union des Arts," a society in Paris for the assistance of the artists who have suffered in the war, Melba auctioned several of these photographs for two hundred and fifty dollars each, and gave the money to "L'Union des Arts." Photographs were purchased by Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. D. Bryson Delavan, and M. Pierre Cartier; the concert realized about $5,000. The notable programme included two groups of piano numbers by John Powell, as well as six songs by Melba herself. One unusual number was a song of the Australian bush by Percy Grainger. Melba explained that there were no words to this primitive air, but, as she herself was an Australian, she wanted to give it to her audience; so, stepping behind a screen, she hummed the charmingly plaintive tune

A R T

By MARION E. FENTON



THE month of February, the height of the New York art season, showed not only the large and important exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, (this year extended to embrace the decorative arts) and the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, but the fifty-first annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society, as well as many smaller showings of one-man and of group exhibitions.

Although the exhibition of the American Water Color Society was, for the most part, conservative and not brilliant either in colour or in workmanship, it held many single water-colours of marked excellence. There will be little exception, if any, taken to the awarding of the Hudnut prize for the most meritorious water-colour in the exhibition to Hilda Belcher for "The Bouncing Baby." While this was not such an inspired and delicately handled gem as was "The Very Blond Baby," it was a free and excellent treatment of a less poetic subject and was washed in lightly and surely in pure transparent water-colour with a breadth of handling which seemed to put no limitations to the artist's mastery of her technique.

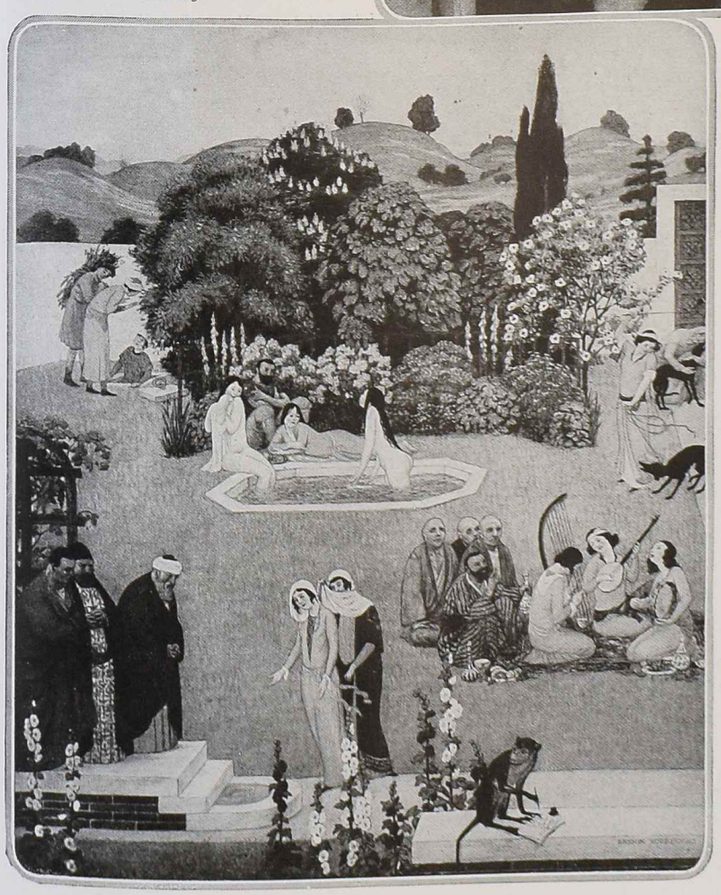
Peter A. Juley

(Right) "The Bouncing Baby" won for Hilda Belcher the Hudnut Prize at the exhibition of the American Water Color Society

Peter A. Juley

(Above) "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," a canvas by Bryson Burroughs at the Montross Galleries, shows an interesting arrangement of pattern and characteristic understanding of colour

(Left) That there is no age limit to patriotism is shown by Arthur I. Keller in "The Two Helmets"



In decorative quality there was little to surpass "The Porter and the Ladies of Bagdad" in the exhibition of the work of Bryson Burroughs

"THE BOUNCING BABY"

In her interpretations of children and especially of the baby, Hilda Belcher is delightfully successful. Painted against a background of ivory colour, the brilliancy of the bouncing baby with his red gold hair and fresh colour, set off by his bright blue sweater and the brilliant orange before him, emphasizes his young buoyancy against the violet grey and mauve of the mother's more subdued and quiet costume. In its composition and its contrasts, the feeling for colour and the skill of texture suggestion, the artist has shown that marked ability which has won for her such a high place among painters in water-colour and incidentally, this, her third New York prize for the winter season.

SEEN IN THE GALLERIES

In marked contrast to the simple big treatment of this painting, is another study of the child—"The Two Helmets," by Arthur I. Keller. In effect it is more pretentious and finished with a detail of colour and pattern, which detract from the objective which the painter had in mind in his picturing of the small tot absorbed in that ever-serious problem of the day, knitting her helmet, while Gothic armour stands guard as though embodying the spirit of its former owner of the days when knighthood was in flower. Although serious portraits were lacking and figure studies comparatively few, there was a fresh bit of colour rather timidly handled in a small composition which included too much and was entitled "The Green Shawl," painted by Christina Huckel. There was little of the smooth and overfinished figure and portrait painting in this year's exhibition, but, instead, the painting of a head against a patterned background, such as the "Young Girl," by George Lawrence Nelson,—a composition, which, if somewhat evident and a bit hard in execution, showed spirit and freedom in the use of colour,—a small and carefully drawn child head, "Susina," by M. O. Kobbe, and single dancing figures or nudes in delicate landscape, such as Edward Dufner has painted in his poetic "Summer Evening." Among the landscapes painted as such and not as settings for figures, was one of the ever-sensitive and sympathetically painted interpretations by Chauncey F. Ryder, "The Old Carriage Shop"; it has much of the charm and poetry which always mark the work of Ryder. It was of far different treatment from the "Forest Pool," by John F. Carlson, with its touches of brilliancy and its clear cool green. While Ryder has achieved his interpretation of nature with quiet simplicity of effect, Carlson has painted it flecked with more brilliant and vibrant colour, yet both

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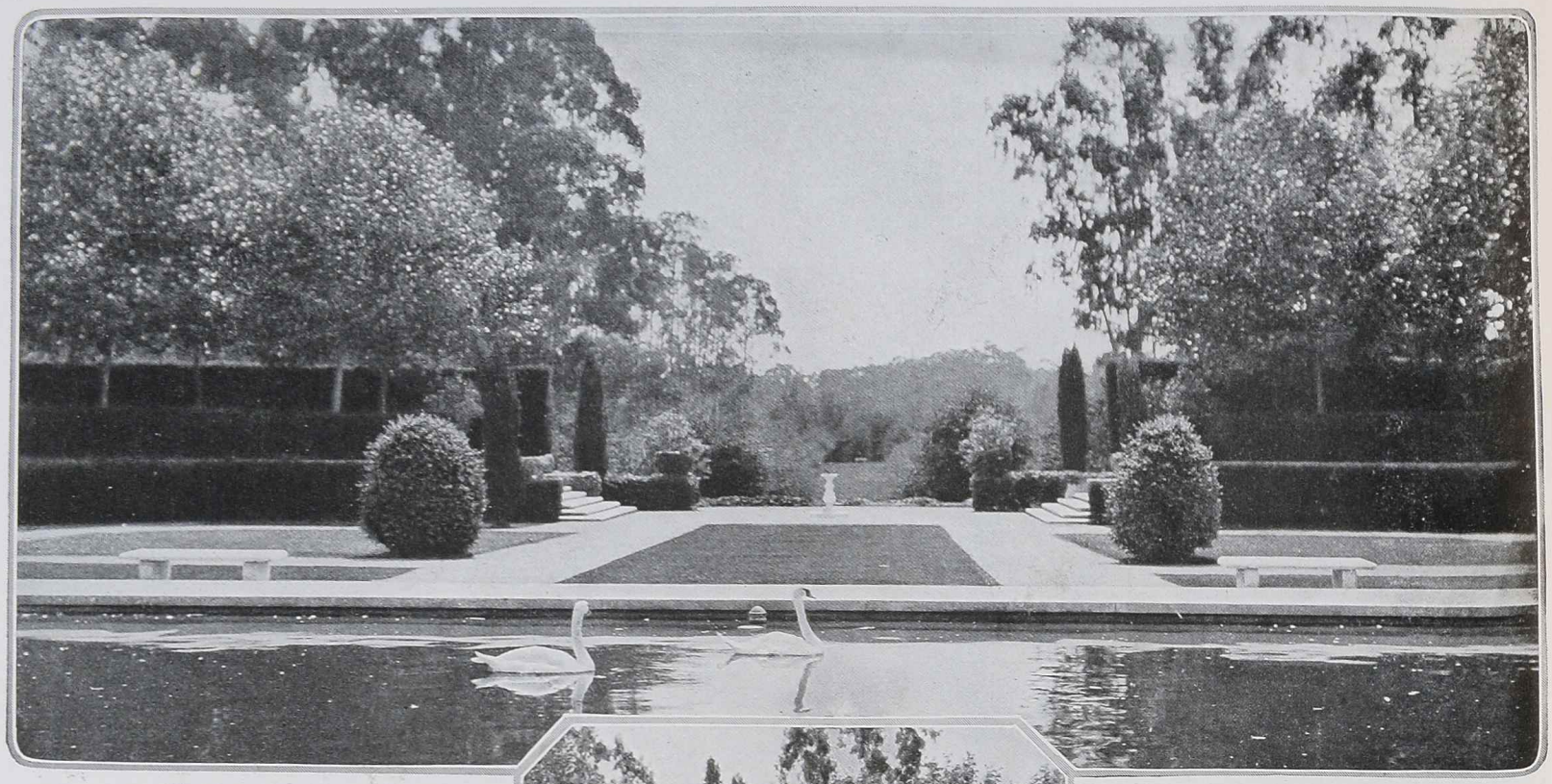
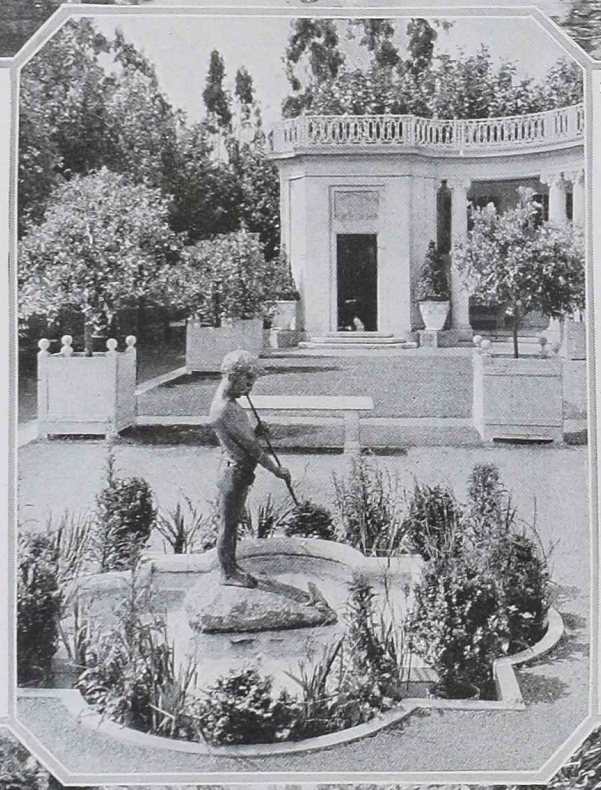


Frances Benjamin Johnston

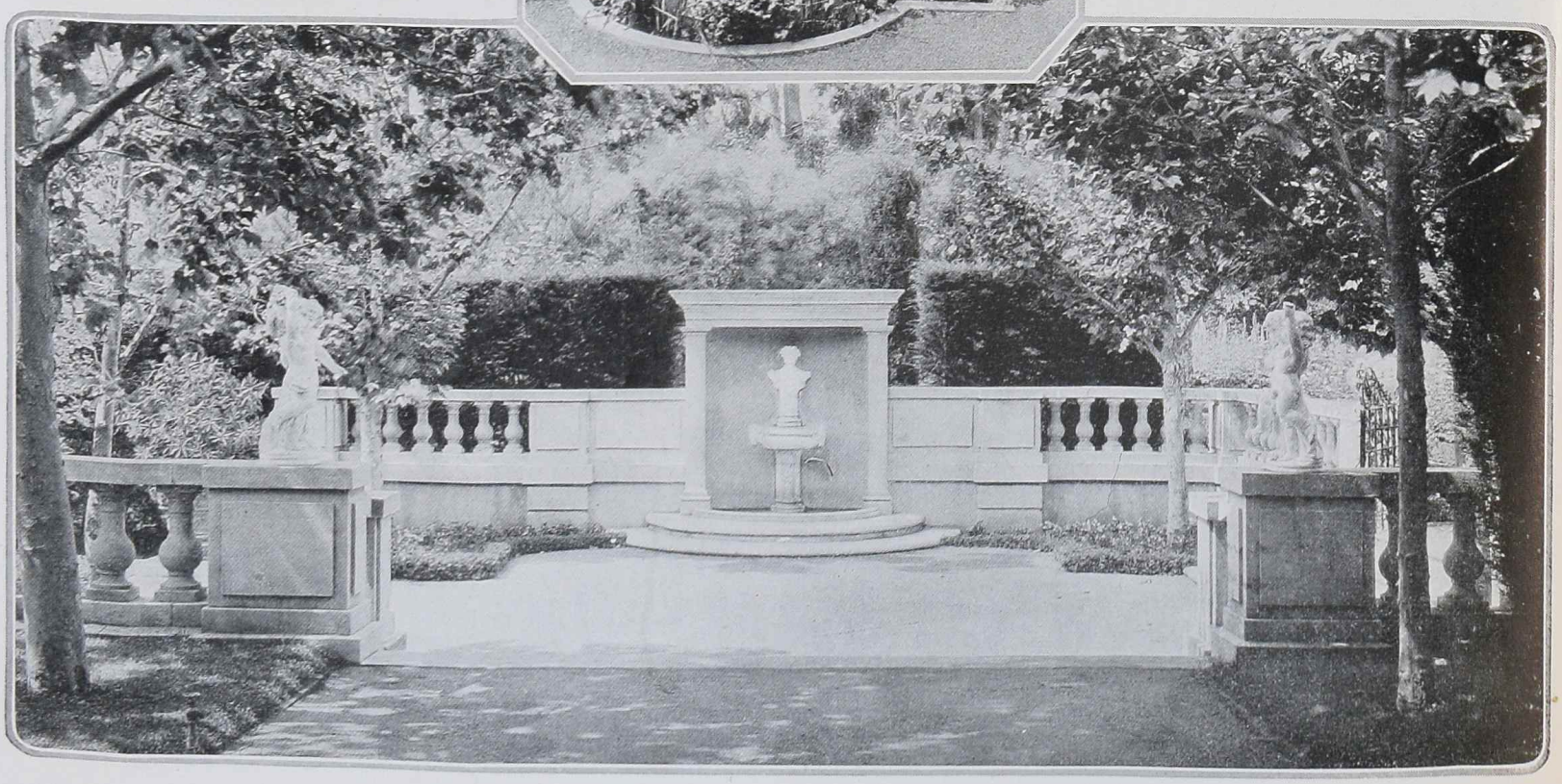
South of Mr. Newhall's house lies the garden. It is in the shape of a cross, with roses in the right arm of the cross, and a kitchen-garden in the left. Below these gardens are a pool and a sunken garden, a Parrish painting come to life, with hedges, plane-trees, and bronze eucalyptus. The vista down the length of the cross is bordered by pink and white hawthorn



A diminutive bronze Pan rules this fountain and the terrace in which it is placed. A bronze frog, hypnotized by his piping, is his only listener,—the glittering green dragon-flies dart about the pool, unheedful of his magic

The Roman austerity of this corner of the garden, with its figure in the wall, is tempered only by the close greenery. A certain faint whisper may sign the approach of a toga,—or it may be but the rustle of the leaves

THESE ARE THE VARIED MOODS OF THE ESTATE OF MR. GEORGE A. NEWHALL IN BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA

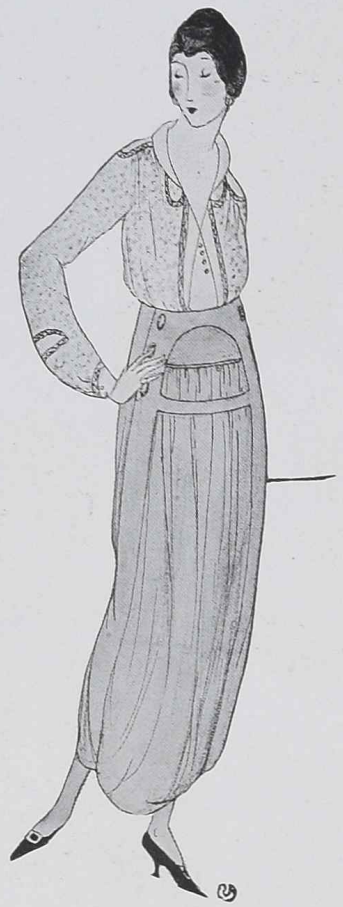


Frances Benjamin Johnston

THE NEWHALL ESTATE

The face of the house is set to the north, and from the right and the left of the entrance run walks, avenued by poplar trees, a hundred on either hand. The beauty of such places is greatest when the sunlight or moonlight is on them. Entering this door, one walks straight through the house to the south terrace and the gardens. This is the house of Mr. George A. Newhall, in Burlingame, California; Lewis P. Hobart, architect

A Paquin skirt of beige fibre silk with a narrow corded yoke is worn with a blouse of white organdie, as fresh as the illusions of youth, and embroidered in the rose colour which is characteristic of them



A decided novelty for summer is a separate skirt of white crêpe de Chine. With a blouse of dotted swiss, which has inserts and a collar of organdie, it forms an effective alliance against the hottest of the summer days

Even the conservative may be lured into a Zouave skirt when it looks like this, and for those who have the convictions of their courage it might be made in cotton voile and worn with a blouse of handkerchief linen

Premet, the Bernard Shaw among the couturiers, surprises us with a skirt of French flannel which is wrapped about the figure and not sewed up at all. The blouse has large china buttons outlined in black

SKIRTS ARE CONCERNED WITH "HOW TO LOOK NARROW, THOUGH GATHERED"; BLOUSES TAKE THOUGHT FOR COLLARS

NO matter how much material is used, the spring skirts give the impression of a narrow silhouette. The skirt in the second sketch from the left at the top of the page, for instance, is made on straight lines, but with ample fulness which falls from a narrow yoke. It fastens at one side and is finished with white pearl buttons. The blouse shown with this skirt is of dotted swiss with inserts and a collar of white organdie. It is trimmed with eyelet insertion and fastens with small pearl buttons at the front.

The skirt at the upper left has a narrow yoke across the front, outlined with a cording of the material. This straight line is not carried out across the back, where the fulness is gathered into the waist-band. The organdie blouse is embroidered in deep rose linen, and hemstitched in white. It has a high collar, like many of the French blouses this season, and buttons all the way down the front with small pearl buttons.

The Zouave skirt in the second sketch from the upper right is one of the best creations of the season. The wide crushed belt gives a decided waist-line, and the loosely draped fulness of the skirt is caught in at the bottom like Turkish trousers. The waist of handkerchief linen has inserts of blue and white in the same material, and all its seams are hemstitched in blue and white linen thread. There are small pockets at both sides in blue and white linen.

The skirt at the upper right is worn with a blouse of pale yellow handkerchief linen with hemstitched seams, and wide coarse hemstitching on the collar and cuffs.

The black satin skirt at the lower left of the page has a draped sash finished with a wide silk fringe. Shaped panels form the back and front of the skirt, and each panel buttons across the top with satin-covered buttons. With this suit an embroidered blouse is worn. The narrow shawl collar is scalloped on the edge, and so also are the cuffs, and the front of the blouse.

At the lower right is shown a blue jersey sports skirt with a front panel buttoning just below the belt. The sports blouse is of heavy white linen with turnover collar and cuffs of old-blue, and there are blue and white china buttons.

A black satin skirt has a Spanish air at the top and comes under Moorish influence at the bottom, where there are openings for the feet. The embroidered handkerchief linen blouse has an especially becoming collar

A Bulloz sports skirt in old-blue wool jersey, buttons across the top in a fashion which recalls the illustrations in Dickens's novels. In the white linen blouse, darts embroidered in blue serve the purpose of the usual tucks

FLORENCE WALTON HAS POSED FOR VOGUE IN THE TULLE-CLOUDED HATS THAT LEWIS DESIGNED FOR HER

TULLE, TO BE WORN FLOATING OR CLOSE ABOUT THE HAT, IS VERY NEW AND DANGEROUSLY CHARMING

If you've ever seen that Delft blue mist that creeps over all the city on a winter's evening, you will know the charming vagueness of detail it causes and how gracious all outlines become under its cover. The same lovely effect is achieved by veiling the Delft blue satin crown and brim of this hat with blue tulle that covers even the matching velvet flowers with which the hat is trimmed. Underneath is the brim of black milan straw

(Below) You know that soft grey straw that looks like chenille and also like the little catkins on the trees in spring, —well, the close up-standing brim of this turban is made of it. The crown, though, is made of grey tulle that covers even the grey velvet flowers on it. This veiling the hat with tulle is a charming piece of illusion. This hat is entirely swathed in a veil of darker grey

(Above) It's a shame that more women don't recognize the intrinsic value of the fragile mystery of tulle. Under its light folds the young and charming take on fresh colour, and those who need the aid of gracious lines find in it also a sympathetic fabric. Lewis gave this sailor, with its crown and brim of brown taffeta and its trimming of brown velvet flowers, a facing of folds of café au lait tulle and veiled it lightly with a great café au lait tulle cloud. The ends of this tulle are tossed about one, and the result is unpredictable

(Above) Here again is that tantalizing veil of tulle. The hat itself is a smart and rather severe shape with a crown of black milan straw and a facing of folds of Delft blue satin. But that was just a beginning; it took only the addition of a great swathing piece of Delft blue tulle to transform the hat with its trim crisp outlines into a strangely Oriental-looking head-dress and its half-concealed-half-revealed wearer into what could easily be a black-eyed houri of the Moslem faith. That much for the power of a simple wisp of evanescent blue tulle

Four photographs by Victor Georg

MADEMOISELLE REACHES THAT INTERESTING TIME IN LIFE KNOWN AS HALF PAST TWELVE

HER SPRING WARDROBE HAS BEEN ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR HER BY MARTINA DOWNING

Baron de Meyer

In daffodil-gathering time, a suitable costume is made of piqué and handkerchief linen in corn yellow. The waist front is of linen, the skirt and coatlet of piqué, and both are braided with yellow braid. Amber beads tip the sash ends and the ribbon around the crown of the white linen hat

(Left) This frock goes under the jacket on the opposite page. The skirt is of black and white serge; the Eton which forms the bodice is of black serge. A guimpe of white handkerchief linen is trimmed with that dainty prerogative of youth and quaintness, called white dotted swiss

(Right) Positively the first appearance at a wedding,—that is, indeed, for the very youthful maid of honour, an important event, rendered less trying by an underdress of white pleated net combined with an overdress of white dotted net and French appliqué lace. Between the layers of brown tulle which form the hat, are flat pastel flowers. The small Victorian bouquet is made of one large rosebud surrounded with forget-me-nots and sweet peas

If you remember "A Romance of the Nursery," this dress will remind you of Fiametta and her blue frocks. It is of French blue crêpe de Chine, embroidered in blue wool, with sleeves and top of blue chiffon. Loose panels back and front are tied together like the pinafores our unenlightened great-grandmothers submitted to

It is a happy fashion Mrs. Downing has of making children's frocks with the skirt embroidered to the top. This skirt is rose taffeta, and the top is pleated rose chiffon. The collar is taffeta, the sleeves chiffon, and the flat roses, taffeta and chiffon. This is a party frock; Muff and Puff and I are expecting to have company

As long as spring skies are blue and spring blossoms pink, spring hats will be made of pink straw with airy blue ribbons. This hat has a new-old-fashioned ruffle of white batiste which falls softly from under its narrow brim, suggesting a quaint mob cap

Baron de Meyer

When one is just on the verge of one's teens, one may adopt such becoming coat frocks as this one with its short outer coat of black serge and its frock of black and white checked material. The frock, without the outer coat of serge, but with its own small slip-over Eton jacket and guimpe is shown in the photograph on the opposite page at the lower left

Such a poke bonnet as this one of rose coloured peanut straw didn't get far before an artistic hand seized it and painted it. Then appeared the cavalier bow of old-blue ribbon, and the hat bobbed down the front steps and hasn't been seen since

GAY NEW CHINTZES COME TO CHEER US

Birds of Brilliant Plumage and Gayer Flowers Than Bloom in Any Garden Are Gathered on These Decorative Fabrics

WHAT we most require in our homes these days is cheerfulness and plenty of it, and so it is natural enough to turn to the gay chintzes and cretonnes which have a friendly fashion of rescuing us from a dull and drab existence. Despite war conditions, there is a goodly variety of these decorative fabrics to be had this spring, ranging from the inexpensive ones of simple design to the elaborate ones suitable for more elaborate rooms.

PATRIOTIC FABRICS FROM FRANCE

First of all, as most indicative of the times and of the splendid spirit of France, we must tell of the *toiles de guerre*. About this time last year Vogue showed sketches made by that courageous young Frenchman, Jean Lauer, who in his leisure moments at the front created designs which tell in quaint pictures the story of the war. They were not gruesome, as one might suppose, but were filled with the vigour and beauty of an unconquerable spirit; now these very designs appear in new spring fabrics so that she who reads may buy. Among these patriotic fabrics is the one shown at the lower left on this page; on a white ground are cleverly placed stripes of the tricolour in pleasantly subdued tones, and interwoven with these are the victorious laurel branches caught in bow-knots, with an occasional star to guide them. This pattern is printed on a durable cotton and linen fabric, fifty inches wide. Another quaint design, pictured at the lower right on this page, shows the Allies in ovals with glimpses of triumphal arches and cannons in the background. The colouring is again the tricolour with green added to a linen coloured ground. This, too, is a cotton and linen fabric fifty inches wide, as is a third, shown in the lower middle of this page, in which the figure of France is gazing down a vista of poplars at the rising sun of victory, with the crossed flags of her Allies —ours among them—all in their own true colours on a linen ground.

G. W. Harting

SOME UNUSUAL GLAZED CHINTZES

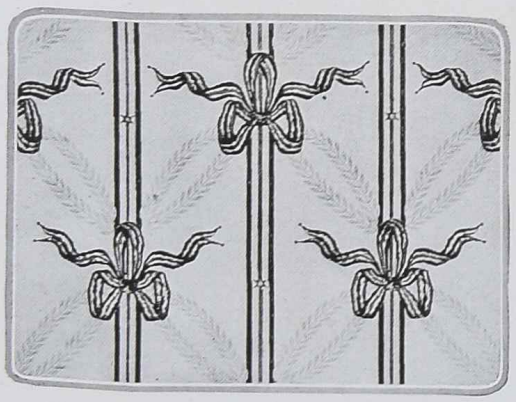
There is a continuous demand, now that we have learned the art of using them, for glazed chintzes, especially for window-shades. The large illustration in the upper middle of this page shows a smart wide green and white striped shade of this material and a delightful curtain with a design of natural colour calla-lilies on a deliciously pale cool green background. This glazed flowered chintz is shown in detail in the smaller illustration just below and is twenty-five inches wide. It has great distinction and charm. Another new material, which is very charming for the country house, is a mohair cloth with a mauve design on a checked blue, tan, and green background. This material, which comes in other colour combinations, is shown at the upper right on page 75. It is fifty inches wide and has the advantage of being exceedingly durable and of not requiring a lining, as the light filtering through only adds to its beauty. A beautiful linen from across the seas is pictured second from the left at the bottom on page 75. It is distinguished in its de-

A black chintz has gaily coloured baskets of flowers swinging from a quaint design of branches and foliage; $2.40 a yard

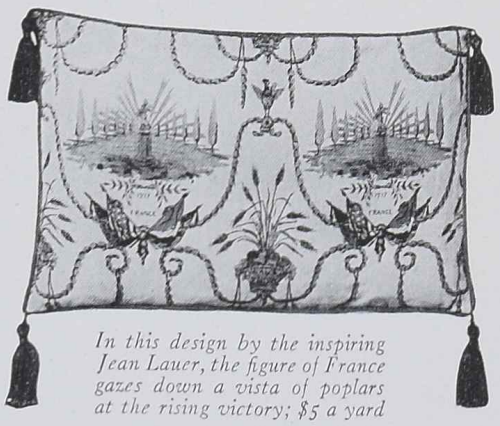
Glazed chintz makes the striped window-shades, the slip-cover, and the flowered curtains. Flowered chintz, $1.50 a yard; striped, 90 cents

(Left) Very restful for a country living-room is this glazed chintz, shown also above, of pale green with calla-lilies in their natural colours

Putty colour is an effective background for a design of vivid blue ribbon and baskets of mulberry and rose; $5.65 a yard

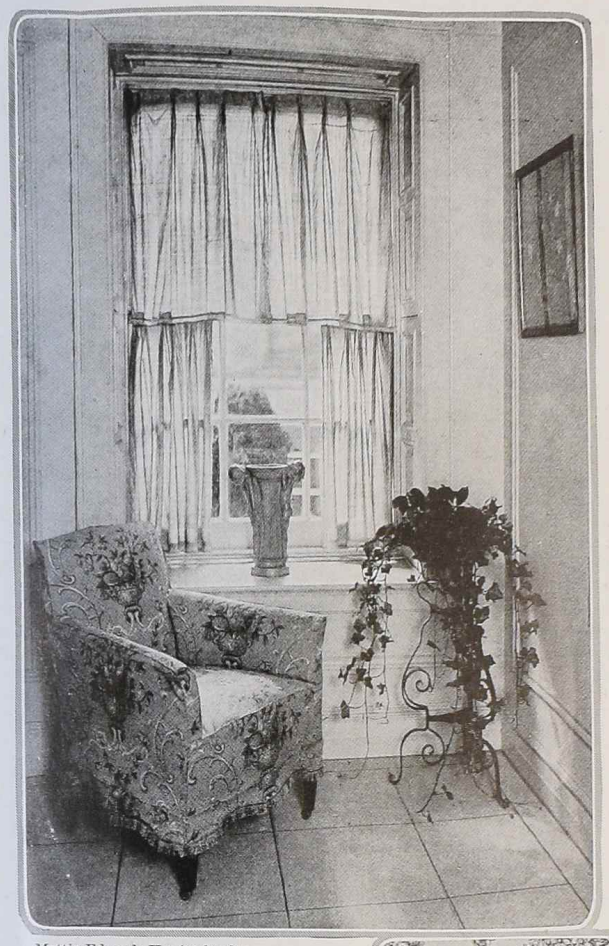


The spirit of France is picturesquely represented in this "toile de guerre" with its tricolour stripes and bow-knots; $5 a yard



In this design by the inspiring Jean Lauer, the figure of France gazes down a vista of poplars at the rising victory; $5 a yard

In this picturesque "toile de guerre" our Allies are quaintly represented in ovals on a linen coloured ground; $5 a yard



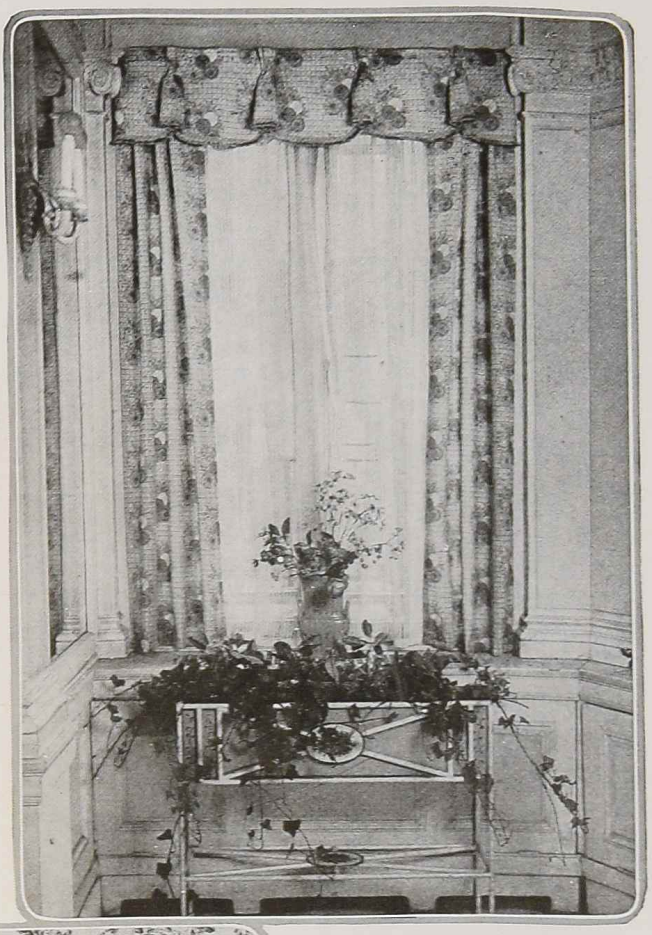
Mattie Edwards Hewitt Studio

Slip-covers should be well tailored, as is this one of blue with a rose, blue, and green basket design; decorations by Miss Swift

sign of gay parrots and kingfishers surrounded by flowers and foliage, and it would be particularly suitable for a living-room. It is an exceptionally good quality and is thirty-two inches wide. Another living-room chintz, sketched in the middle and to the left on page 74, has a black background with yellow baskets filled with peacock blue, Chinese yellow, and terra-cotta flowers swinging gaily from wood colour branches. This material is thirty-two inches wide. When used for curtains and slip-covers in a drawing-room, with a brilliant sapphire blue plain satin on some of the furniture and terra-cotta colour taffeta cushions, it gives an unusually happy effect.

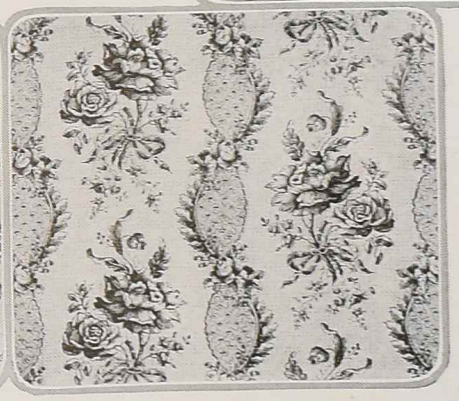
We take chintz slip-covers so much as a matter of course these days that we sometimes fail to notice the necessity of having them carefully fitted and beautifully cut. The well-tailored one illustrated at the upper left on this page has good reason to be proud of itself. It offers all the advantages of an upholstered chair with a pleasant certainty

A hand-blocked French print has gaily coloured bouquets and garlands against a vivid blue green background; $5 a yard



These curtains are of mohair cloth, a new fabric, which is especially charming with the light through it; decorations by Miss Swift

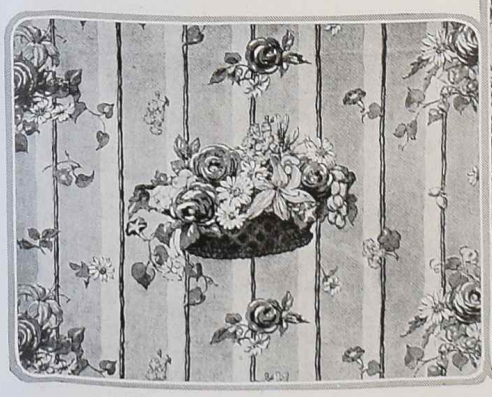
One of the few all-linen fabrics still available is this French chintz in delicate pastel shades, rose, blue, and tan; $5.25 a yard



Another all-linen chintz from France is this one with a delicate blue floral design on a cream colour background; $5 a yard

that the gay blue chintz with its brightly coloured basket design may be removed and tubbed. The material is a domestic cretonne, thirty-two inches wide. A ruffled valance or a pleated one, a straight one or one shaped with a small fringe trimming, are equally good. There are countless delightful chintzes suitable for these slip-covers. Two particularly lovely ones, made before the governments set their seals of disapproval on the use of flax, are sketched in the middle of this page and are entirely of linen, delicate in design and pastel in colouring. Both of these materials are fifty inches wide. There is also a brilliant orange linen with masses of orange blossoms and blue birds which would be delightful on a sun-porch. This material, also fifty inches wide, is sketched second from the right at the bottom on this page.

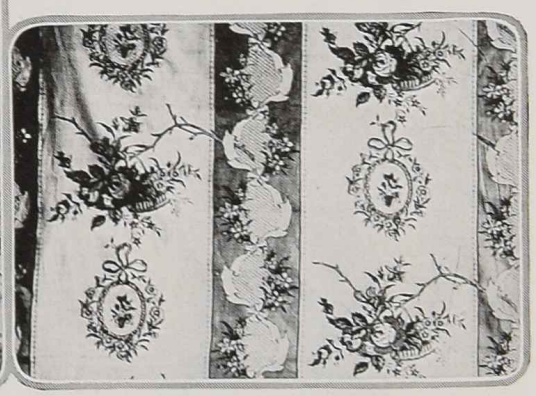
Not new in design but exceedingly effective in colour is the chintz, fifty inches wide, sketched in the middle and at the right on page 74.



A domestic design which will lend charm and individuality to the country house has a tan background and a blue basket filled with gay flowers and fruits; 90 cents a yard

Parrots vie with friendly kingfishers in their gay colourings, on this imported chintz; $5.25 a yard

Delightful for a sun-porch is this orange linen with flowers, fruit, and a jolly little bluebird; $4.50 a yard

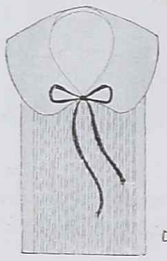


A domestic material which is particularly suitable for spring slip-covers has an old French design with gold stripes and a purple and blue design on poplin; 70 cents a yard

SEEN *in the* SHOPS

It is surely an unusual thing to find such an excellently cut, hand-made, and hand-hemstitched white batiste blouse for $6.95

The tailored perfection of a blouse of a good quality of crêpe de Chine is worthy of practically any sports event; $9.75



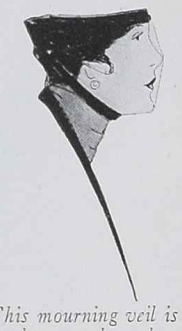
The small touches, such as this tucked organdie vestee, determine just how dainty an impression one's costume is to create; $2.75

These little sleeveless blouses are worn with Eton jackets on frocks that need vests; this one is of pleated white Georgette crêpe; $6.95

(Middle, above) This batiste blouse, inexpensive as it is, is well finished and effective with a tailored suit or sleeveless jacket; $2.95

This dimity sports blouse has collars and cuffs striped in colour; stripings in pink, green, lavender, or blue; $4.95. The skirt is of white suède cloth; $6.95

ONE of the dominant features of the wardrobe for this spring and summer will be the sleeveless jacket for sports wear; and it is this new garment, half jacket, half waistcoat, that adds charm to the simplest blouse and skirt. As these jackets are always striking affairs, the rest of the costume must be simple; it is best to have the skirt straight and slim and the blouse entirely subordinate to the collar and cuffs, with perhaps the effect of a vest given by the careful use of drawn-work or of contrasting materials that are becoming.



This mourning veil is of an hexagonal mesh, and the band is becoming because it is of soft chiffon; $2.75

A SPORTS COSTUME

In the sketch at the bottom of this page the skirt is of white cotton suède cloth, a material with a lustrous satin finish that no laundering can injure. It is of moderate fulness, with heavy stitching simulating buttonholes on the belt and the flaps of the pockets; the buttons are of pearl. The blouse sketched with this skirt is of crisp white dimity with a narrow self stripe. Dimity collar and cuffs finely striped in green, lavender, blue, or pink, are worn over a slightly larger set of plain white dimity; the panels on either side of the front are in colour, which may be green, lavender, blue, or pink, to match the stripings in the collar.

A very heavy quality of white crêpe de Chine is used in the simple blouse sketched at the upper right of the grouped sketches on this page. Narrow tightly pleated ruffles outline the collar and cuffs and the opening at the front. The neck of this blouse may be worn either open or closed, but it is particularly smart when worn as illustrated.

A good example of the hand-made and hand-hemstitched blouse at a moderate price is sketched at the upper left on this page. This blouse is of sheer batiste and has an unusual cuff which fastens snugly to the wrist with tiny pearl buttons.

Sketched in the middle of the grouped drawings on this page is a well-finished example of the inexpensive batiste blouse which may be worn effectively with a tailored suit and is especially adapted to the sleeveless jacket. An insert of beading gives the effect of a vest and is also used in the cuffs and on the sailor collar.

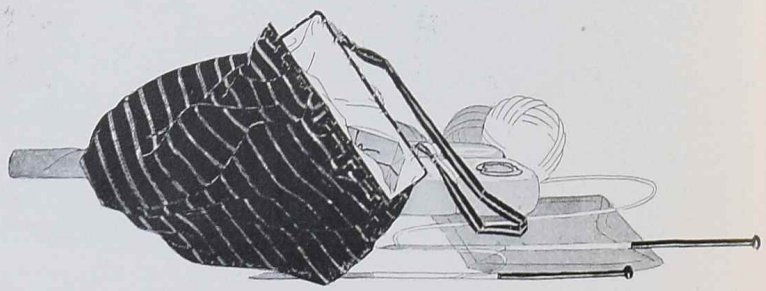
A sleeveless blouse to be worn with an Eton jacket or with a frock which must have a vest is sketched in the middle and to the right on this page. This particularly dainty blouse is of flesh coloured Georgette crêpe with a pleated vest and a collar of white Georgette crêpe. A narrow black tie slips under the collar, which is fastened by small pearl buttons. A soft bow of black ribbon relieves the severity of the tucked organdie vestee sketched in the middle and to the left on this page. The collar is of double thickness and cut to give a perfectly round neckline. This useful accessory may be ordered in blue, tan, flesh, or white organdie, and is very charming in any of these shades.

The small head sketched to the upper right of the grouped drawings on this page shows a smart version of the mourning veil. The rather heavy hexagonal mesh of which the veil is made is banded with soft chiffon. This type of veil is most effectively worn with the band of the heavier material brought under the chin and up over the back of the hair, to be tied in a soft bow or simply tucked in the rim of the hat.

"Please carry your packages home," is one of the prominently displayed slogans to promote the conservation of labour in many of the shops, and the carrying of these packages is facilitated by the bags of various sizes and fabrics which the shops are now offering. One highly desirable feature of these bags is that there is ample room left for one's knitting. The bag sketched at the bottom of this page is heavy black moire silk with a double hair-line stripe of blue, and the lining is of grey satin. A coin purse of this satin fits into a shirred pocket. The knitting-needles which are shown in the same sketch are more obviously patriotic than the bag, since they are painted in broad bands of red, white, and blue. They are bone and come in various sizes and lengths.

CAREFUL SELECTION OF COSTUMES

To find clothes which are within the limit of the average war income and still have a decided fashion interest, is sometimes exceedingly difficult. The frocks, the coats, and the hats illustrated on these pages are the results of unceasing search and careful selection from the best



Now that, for the sake of conservation of labour, one carries one's own packages, a black moire silk bag has been designed to hold them and knitting, too; $12. The knitting-needles are bone, banded with red, white, and blue; 65 cents a pair

This frock is made in navy blue serge, the bodice is slashed and bound with satin,—that's why it looks like an Eton jacket; $25. The soft hat is chenille; any colour, $15

offerings of the New York shops. Vogue has worked not only in conjunction with the buyers of these shops, but also with the manufacturers, and in many instances the designs are ours exclusively and the values unobtainable elsewhere.

A plain weave of covert cloth in a warm shade of tan is used for the coat sketched at the upper right on this page; it is lined with satin of the same colour. With all the good qualities of the regulation top-coat, it has none of its commonplace features; the convertible collar, the deep cuffs, the pockets, and even the belt are developed on entirely original lines, making this coat one of the best practical wraps of the season. The hat sketched with this coat is made of purple faille and purple liséré straw with double wings of small purple quills clipping either side of the gracefully curved brim.

THE MILITARY INFLUENCE

The coat sketched at the lower left on this page is a delightful outcome of the influence of things military on the world of fashion. To the straight-belted coat with an inverted box pleat in the back has been added a detachable cape and a high muffler collar which may also be worn rolled away from the throat. It is interesting to know that this coat is tailored and finished, as are the service greatcoats, with a short fitted lining of the same fabric. The hat is of a fine milan straw with a black taffeta inner brim and a curled quill placed right in the middle of the front.

Straight soft lines, whether they be achieved by panels, clever drapings, or tunics, are the salient characteristics of the clothes shown at the Paris openings this spring. In the frock shown at the lower right on this page, the rolling collar, high at the back, the soft girdle giving the lengthened waist-line, the smartly cut sleeve, the long tunic with its deep hem, and the narrow underskirt,—all these show the careful working out of the best features of the French shops. The material is a fine quality of Georgette crêpe in either beige, Copenhagen, or navy blue, over flesh coloured china silk.

SERGE, THE EVER FAITHFUL

Serge in an excellent shade of blue is used in the frock sketched at the upper left on this page. The sides of the rather tight-fitting bodice are slashed to give a suggestion of the Eton jacket to the silhouette. A noteworthy touch is the narrow black satin binding which finishes these slashes, as it does the neck-line and the edges of the flaring tunic. The chemisette is of Georgette crêpe and may be had in either old blue or white, with a double row of tiny pearl buttons. Soft lustrous chenille makes the entire hat shown in this sketch. The pliability both of the tam-o'-shanter crown and the rolling brim makes this hat becoming to many types of women, as it may be shaped to suit the features of the wearer. It may be ordered in almost any colour, and in the lighter shades it is excellent for sports wear.

Black Georgette crêpe and crêpe de Chine are combined with dull black beads and a crape collar in the charming mourning costume sketched in the middle at the bottom of this page. Distinctly a frock of this season, the lines and materials are so delicate that this garment will appeal to the most conservative women. The hat shown here is of Georgette crêpe and grosgrain ribbon, and the veil is banded with either ribbon or Georgette crêpe, although it may be had with the more traditional edge of grenadine or crape. For other than mourning wear, the frock may be had in navy blue, or even in black with a Georgette crêpe collar, and the hat is also made, with equal effectiveness, in tagal straw.

The coat is of tan covert cloth and has all the advantages of the top-coat and none of its commonplace features; $48. Purple faille, liséré straw, and wings make the hat; $21

Undoubtedly, this coat of trench cloth in olive drab shows the military influence; $40. The hat, of fine black milan straw, is trimmed with a single curled quill directly at the front; $20

Of beaded Georgette crêpe and crêpe de Chine, this frock may be had for mourning wear or in navy blue; $35. The cap, for mourning wear, is of Georgette crêpe; $18; or in tagal straw; $15

Georgette crêpe of a fine quality fashions this particularly well-designed and simple frock with its rolling collar, soft girdle, and long tunic; in beige, Copenhagen, or navy blue; $27.50

VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE

THE patterns on this and the following pages are in sizes 34 to 40 inches bust measure, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, and 35 to 41 inches hip measure, unless otherwise specified.

Vogue patterns are 50 cents for each waist, suit coat, skirt, smock, lingerie, or child's pattern; $1 for complete costumes, one-piece dresses, separate coats, and long negligées. An illustration and material requirements are given with each pattern. When ordering Vogue patterns by mail, please state size.

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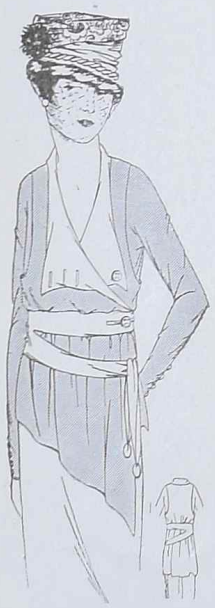
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.: Braunstein-Blatt Co.
MONTREAL, CANADA: The Children's Shop, 43 McGill College Avenue
LONDON, E. C., ENGLAND: Rolls House, Breams Building

Waist No. G4222. Skirt No. G4223. This frock all of organdie or Georgette crêpe has little pleated quillings. Using several thicknesses of the material for different sections of the frock gives a new effect

Frock No. G4229. One side of the surplice waist is cut in one piece with the abbreviated tunic of this charming afternoon frock; the pattern affords a novel and most becoming way of conserving fabric

Waist No. G4241. Skirt No. G4242. An embroidered or braided motif is the factor transforming this separate blouse and two-piece skirt into a costume



Blouse No. G4232. New in the ranks of sleeveless overblouses is one with long revers; the pattern of an underblouse to which sleeves are attached is included

Waist No. G4225. Skirt No. G4226. The practical wardrobe includes a foulard frock. This design allows the use of contrasting Georgette crêpe or organdie

Waist No. G4056. Skirt No. G4057. This frock, which has a separate waist and skirt, uses 3¾ yards of 54-inch jersey

Waist No. G4075. Skirt No. G4076. Both the surplice closing and the tunic, cut in one piece, give a very becoming line

THE NEW TUNICS ADOPT VARIOUS WAYS AND MEANS OF ACHIEVING THE NARROW SILHOUETTE

Waist No. G3735. Skirt No. G3736. The tunic is cut in one piece with the waist; the frock requires but 5½ yards of foulard

Frock No. G3065. A becoming frock with the approved slim silhouette requires but 5 yards of material 54 inches wide

Frock No. G4224. An unusual costume frock, cut in but three pieces, is equally smart when made of jersey or of gingham

Waist No. G4028. Skirt No. G4029. This Russian blouse requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch satin; 2⅜ yards will make the skirt

Waist No. G4086. Skirt No. G4087. The waist and tunic require 2⅜ yards of 40-inch material; 2⅜ yards for the skirt

Waist No. G4112. Skirt No. G4113. Only 2 yards of crêpe are required for the surplice waist; 3 yards will make the draped skirt

Frock No. G4070. A really quite unusual one-piece frock with a new Zouave effect, requires but 4 yards of 50-inch material, for all its fulness

Coat No. G4100. Skirt No. G4101. The coat requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch silk jersey; the skirt may be of satin or jersey; 2½ yards are used

Coat No. G4102. Skirt No. G4103. A most becoming way to accentuate a slim silhouette is with two materials; suit requires 3¾ yards, 54-inch width

Coat No. G4098. Skirt No. G4099. The coat may be made from 2 yards of yellow duvetyn and worn over a skirt requiring 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material

Waist No. G4227. Skirt No. G4228. The two-piece underfrock is of natural linen, the sleeveless blouse and tunic are of rose Georgette crêpe

Waist No. G4091. Skirt No. G4092. A separate waist and skirt cleverly simulate a costume frock and require but 4 yards of gingham or calico

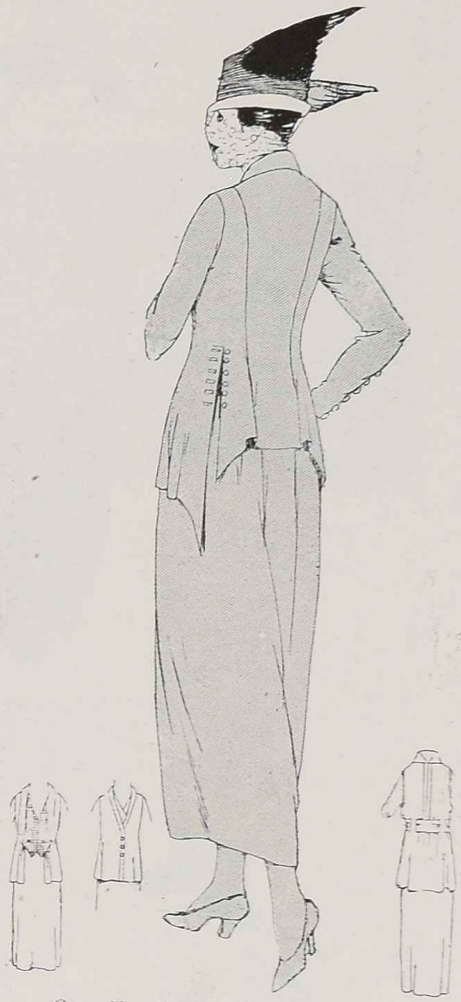
THESE FROCKS AND SUITS HAVE THAT SIMPLICITY OF LINE SO DESIRABLE FOR MORNING HOURS

Frock No. G3864. This frock with odd belt arrangement actually boasts a 2 yard width and still requires but 3¾ yards of 54-inch material

Waist No. G4064. Skirt No. G4065. The tunic and blouse are in one; the former may be lengthened to a one-piece frock; 4 yards, 54 inches wide

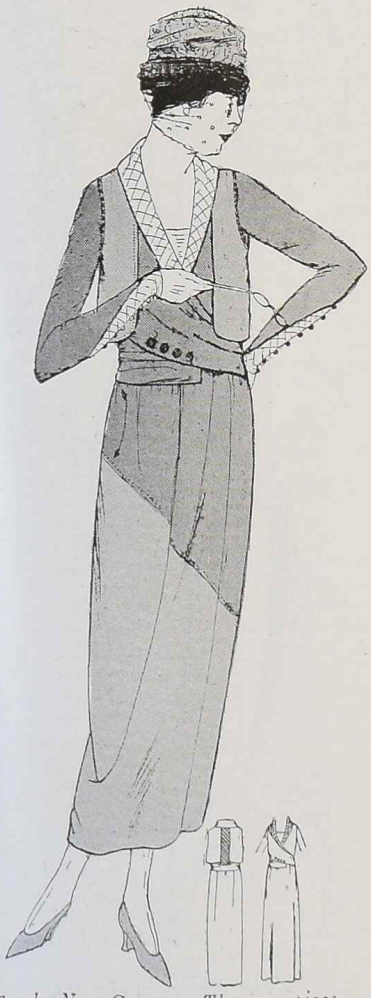
Coat No. G4132. Skirt No. G4133. An Eton suit with a peplum cut in one piece with the back, requires 5 yards of 40-inch taffeta

Coat No. G4162. Skirt No. G4163. Either silk or wool jersey may make this becoming suit which requires 3⅞ yards of 54-inch material



Coat No. G4157. Skirt No. G4158. The waistcoat may be worn inside or outside this smart coat; the suit uses 4⅜ yards of 54-inch material

Coat No. G4230. Skirt No. G4105. The sleeveless suit requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch material, the blouse, but 2 yards of 36-inch material



Frock No. G4210. The one-piece frock may be worn with or without the Zouave jacket which is included in the pattern; the costume requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch material

Coat No. G4108. Skirt No. G4109. The coat, with its novel neck-line, requires but 2 yards of 54-inch material; 2⅞ yards are required for the skirt with its pleated panels

THE LENGTH OF THE

SPRING SUIT COAT

IS REGULATED ONLY

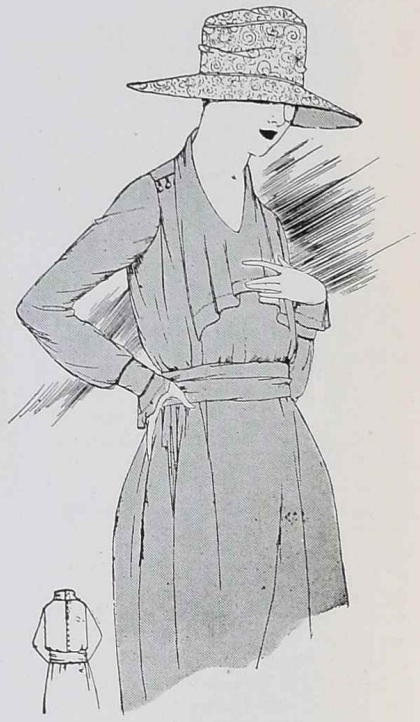
BY ITS SMARTNESS

Coat No. G4213. Skirt No. G4214. An Eton coat of serge may have a set-in waistcoat and collar of tricotine; only 1⅜ yards of 54-inch material are required to make it

Coat No. G4217. Skirt No. G4218. It simplifies matters to make one of the new Etons kimono fashion, in one piece, and it is logical to wear a Zouave hip-yoke with it

Waist No. G4235. Skirt No. G4062. The convertible collar is cut in one with the front of the blouse, and the pockets and skirt yoke are cut together

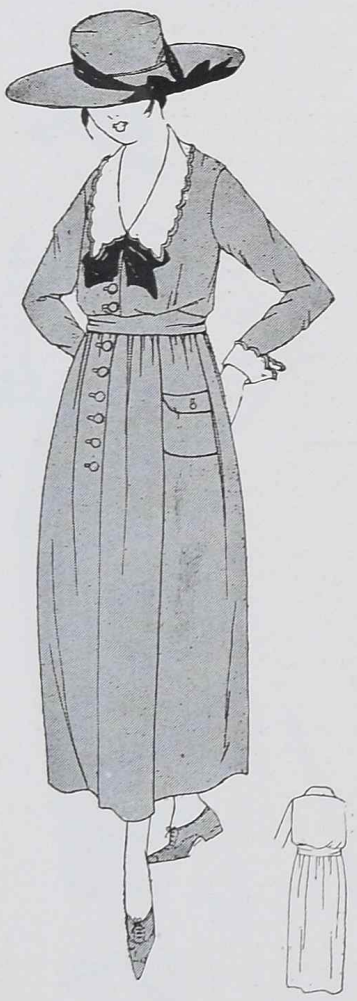
Blouse No. G4120. A version of the waistcoat blouse. which may be made either with or without sleeves, requires 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material



Blouse No. G4219. An easily made blouse which buttons in the back has an exceedingly new and becoming collar and a simulated shoulder opening

Blouse No. G4069. A kerchief collar is used for a sports blouse which requires but 1½ yards of 45-inch material

Blouse No. G4220. This is a new way to cut a blouse in one piece which includes the turned back front revers



Waist No. G2498. Skirt No. G2499. A well-cut frock of calico, with collar and cuffs of white organdie, requires just 5¼ yards of 42-inch material

Blouse No. G3961. A blouse which has its yoke and sleeves cut in one piece requires only 2¾ yards of 40-inch material

Waist No. G4211. Skirt No. G4212. This overblouse pattern includes one for an underblouse. The overblouse uses 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material

EIGHT PATTERNS OF BLOUSES WITH UNUSUAL COLLARS OF WHICH NO TWO ARE SIMILAR

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 64*)

more appreciative public. Lionel, among the inner circle composed of "those who know," has always been regarded as the "genius" of the family; and this favourable judgment has been justified by his recent great performances of Colonel Ibbetson and of the hero of "The Copperhead."

It is almost embarrassing for any friend to say a word about John Barrymore,—the well-beloved "Jack." John Barrymore began his career as a "matinee-idol," and as a deft interpreter of many easy farces. Then, suddenly, he decided to take himself seriously, and appeared before the public with a sincere and earnest depiction of the unheroic Falder in Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice," and a lovely rendering of the poetical and dreamful hero of "Peter Ibbetson." Upon the evidence at hand, there is every reason to regard Mr. John Barrymore as the most promising young actor on the American stage,—with the possible exception of his brother, Lionel; and, some time in the future—if the present writer is not utterly at fault—our public will demand the privilege of seeing John Barrymore as Hamlet.

But the future is, of course, the future. . . . For the present, we are concerned only with the current record of the children of Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew; but, by a chronologic accident, the recent efforts of two members of this famous family are forced into primary prominence by the exigencies of this present article.

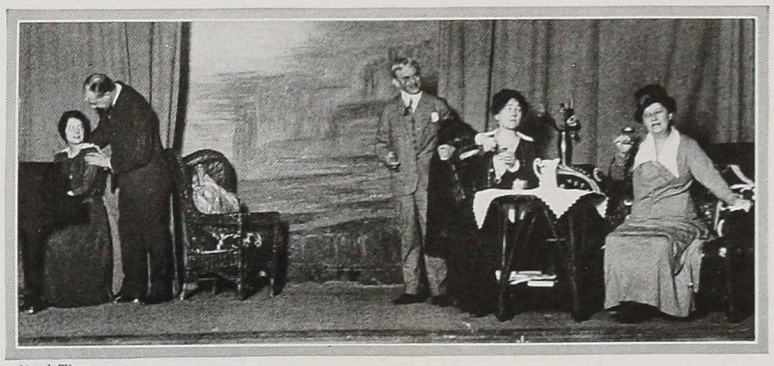
"THE COPPERHEAD"

Few actors have ever evoked from the theatregoing public of New York the sort of ovation which was accorded to Lionel Barrymore at the first performance of "The Copperhead" on the evening of February 18, 1918. This four-act play had been composed by Mr. Augustus Thomas, the dean of American dramatists; but, for three acts, the audience had remained aloof and unresponsive. But, after the fourth act, not a person left his seat. The entire audience stood up and cheered; and Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Thomas were called and recalled before the footlights, at least a dozen times.

"The Copperhead," which was dramatized from a short story by Frederick Landis, is, in reality, a one-act play, like "The Story of Waterloo," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The entire interest is concentrated in the final act; and Mr. Thomas has merely wandered off the map in his endeavour to build up an antecedent background dispersed over three preparatory acts.

The æsthetic purpose of the great last act—and, to designate this item in the composition, there is no other adjective than "great"—is to evoke a reminiscence of the character of the one man who has seemed more heroical than any other in the whole course of our country's history. Mr. Thomas has always been inordinately clever in his handling of stage-properties. At the outset of this passage, the hero of "The Copperhead" brings forth the life-mask of the face of Lincoln and the life-cast of his mighty hand, and places them upon a central table where they will be visible by lamplight. These exhibits look the audience in the eyes throughout the lengthy narrative that is assigned to Mr. Barrymore. The scene is aided also by the introduction of a silken flag with many stars, and by the final employment of a tattered coat and hat that carry the insignia of the Grand Army of the Republic. These concrete items aid the actor in projecting an impression that is astonishingly vivid.

The last act of "The Copperhead" is worthy of remembrance among the many passages of notable dramatic composition that have been written, in the progress of these many years, by Mr. Thomas; but the thing that made the first-night audience stand up and cheer, at the conclusion of the play, was the overwhelming performance of Mr. Lionel Barrymore. Such acting has seldom been seen upon our stage since Sir Henry Irving died. It does not really matter whether the play itself is good or bad, if only the leading actor can deliver an impression so magnificent as this.



Paul Thompson

This is a scene from Björnson's "A Gauntlet," given at the Philadelphia Little Theatre, by a cast consisting of Olive Wyndham, George K. Denny, George Henry Trader, Hilda Spong, and Mrs. Thomas Wise

"THE OFF CHANCE"

Meanwhile, Ethel Barrymore has turned from her depiction of the tear-stained Lady of the Camellias, to give a delightful high-comedy performance in "The Off Chance," by R. C. Carton. This play is a typical Carton comedy. The subject-matter is traditional and unimportant; the construction is conventional; but the author has displayed his usual happy faculty for assembling an interesting group of stage characters, and has employed to good advantage his really clever talent for writing witty lines. Miss Barrymore plays the part of a wise and worldly woman in her forties who, having been divorced and remarried at an early age, has not seen for nearly twenty years her own daughter, who is married to the Duke of Burchester but finds it difficult to get along with him. When the little Duchess threatens an action for divorce, her mother, whose present name is Lady Cardonnell, takes a hand in the situation and cleverly pulls wires to bring about a reconciliation between her daughter and the Duke, who is by no means a bad fellow at heart. There is a delightful scene in the second act when Lady Cardonnell introduces herself to the Duchess of Burchester in the lounge of an hotel, with the sudden, unexpected line, "I'm your mother." Miss Barrymore plays this passage with a delicious whimsicality that suggests none the less what the poet Herrick called "the toning of a tear." Lady Cardonnell is a sort of first cousin of Lady Algy,—the character portrayed by Maxine Elliott in William Faversham's recent revival of another comedy of Mr. Carton's. Both women are good sports, and know how to get along with men as pals.

The general impression conveyed by "The Off Chance" is that of a pleasant evening spent in the society of a dozen amusing and interesting people. Such a comedy has to be well acted; and Miss Barrymore has assembled a superlative company which includes E. Lyall Swete, John Cope, Cyril Keightley, Edward Emery, Albert Gran, Thomas Louden, and Eva Le Gallienne. The stage-direction of Iden Payne is, as usual, exemplary.

"OH, LADY! LADY!!"

There is no such thing as criticism of musical comedy. Any expression of opinion on this type of entertainment must be merely personal; and the reaction of the tired business man is more likely to be reliable than those of Matthew Arnold and John Ruskin. For this reason, I may perhaps be pardoned for saying, in the first person, that I hold a grudge against Guy Bolton, Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, and Jerome Kern. As a professional theatregoer, my natural desire is to stay at home whenever possible; and, in the midst of many openings, I look forward to an evening off, when I may sit before the fire and reread the prose of Mr. Kenneth Grahame. Before these malefactors came along, I never experienced the slightest difficulty in staying away from an opening of a musical comedy. It was not really necessary for a dramatic reviewer to listen to jokes about Limburger cheese and the unfortunate city of Kalamazoo. But Bolton, Wodehouse, and Kern have changed all that. They have developed a new type of musical comedy which is difficult to stay away from. That is the reason for my grudge against them. Having seen "Oh, Boy!", I couldn't give away my tickets for "Oh, Lady! Lady!!"; and, now that I have seen "Oh, Lady! Lady!!", I know that I am doomed to go to see it again and yet again. There is no such thing as leisure left for me; I shall never have a night off any more; and I shall go down to an early grave because of these young gentlemen who have added a new attraction to the night-life of the metropolis.

White Studio

Helen Westley and Saxon Kling appear in "Youth," a long play given by the Washington Square Players instead of the usual bill of several short ones

This new type of entertainment is distinguished, in the first place, by good taste,—the one element that was most noticeably lacking in the musical comedy of half a dozen years ago. Colonel Roosevelt once discovered in an Arizona saloon a subtle sign which read, "Spit on the floor here if you do at home"; and I have always suspected the home habits of an audience that laughed with loud guffaws at vulgar exhibitions on the stage. Messrs. Bolton and Wodehouse pay their auditors the compliment of assuming them to be well-bred.

For another thing, these collaborators are regardful of the element of art. Mr. Bolton makes a play that is coherently constructed and could be acted as a "straight" farce, with the music thrown away; and his dialogue is genuinely witty. Mr. Wodehouse contributes many lyrics, which are always appropriate to the action, and always bright and "topical." This writer has not yet attained the class of the late Sir William Gilbert, but he is climbing toward it. He writes verse with a due respect for the rules of rhyme and a clever ear for intricate and interesting rhythms. The music of Mr. Kern, to my own untutored ear, sounds, also, really musical. It is fluent, witty, well-mannered, and altogether charming.

A word must be added in praise of the fine taste displayed by the firm of Comstock and Elliott in supervising the productions of these entertainments. The stage-direction of "Oh, Lady! Lady!!" was entrusted to Robert Milton, a well-known director of "legitimate" productions. Most of the actors, also, have been selected from the "legitimate" stage. Mr. Bolton said to me, in the course of the rehearsals,—"We found out that most of the old musical comedy crowd couldn't sing any better than anybody else: so we decided to get people who, at least, knew how to act. The cast contains such actors and actresses as Edward Abeles, Harry C. Browne, Reginald Mason, Carroll McComas, Florence Shirley, Margaret Dale, and Vivienne Segal. Some of these performers had never appeared before in musical comedy; but they sing and dance as easily and well as the German-dialect "comedians" of yesteryear.

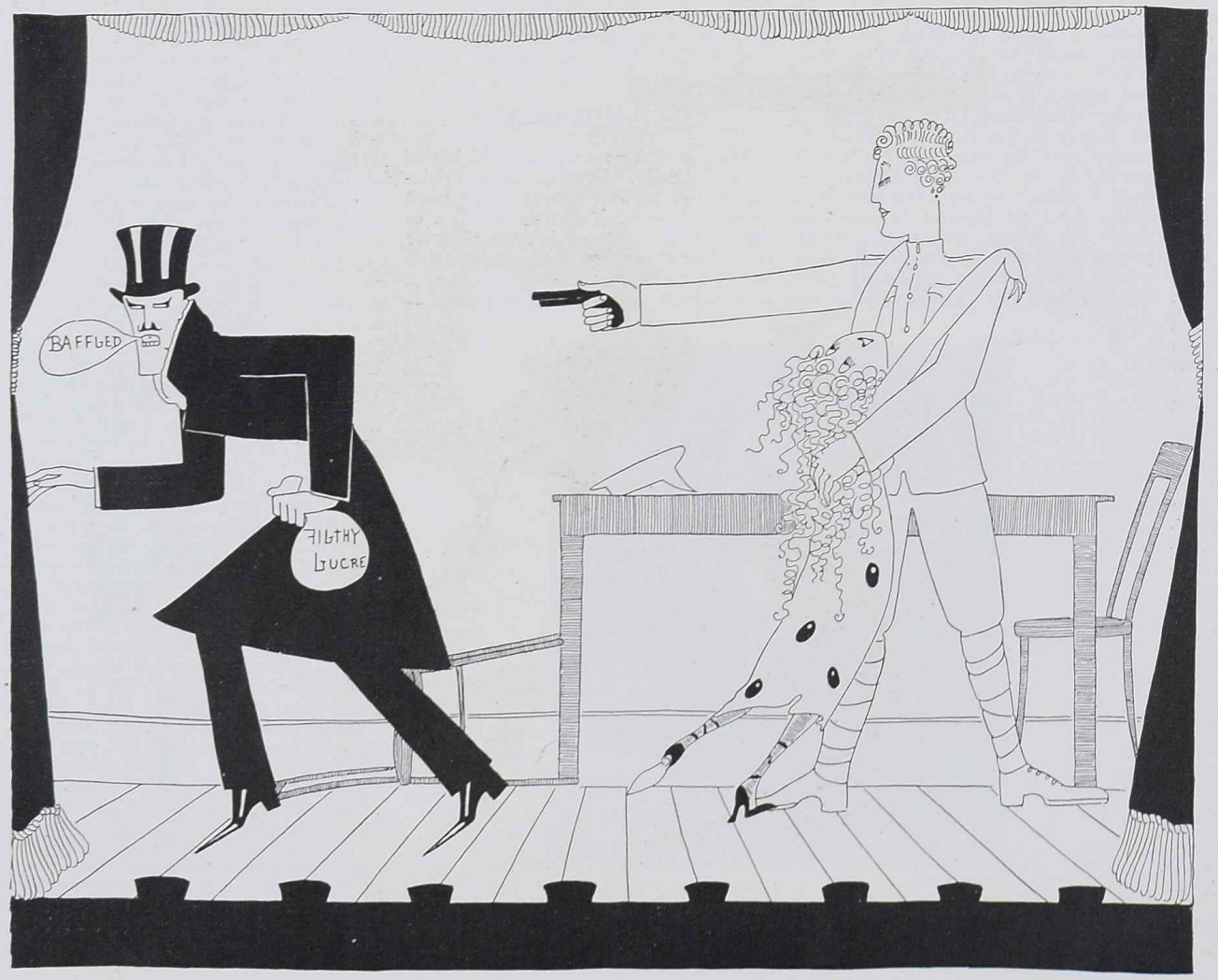
The scenery, designed by Clifford Pember, the gowns, and the well-conducted lighting, are agreeable to the eye. The general effect is so delightful that, when the final curtain fell, I regretted that the evening was over, and would gladly have stayed to see and hear a repetition of the entire entertainment.

Great Moments in the Drama

Major Obsessions in the Brains of Our Bright Young Playwrights

SKETCHES BY FISH

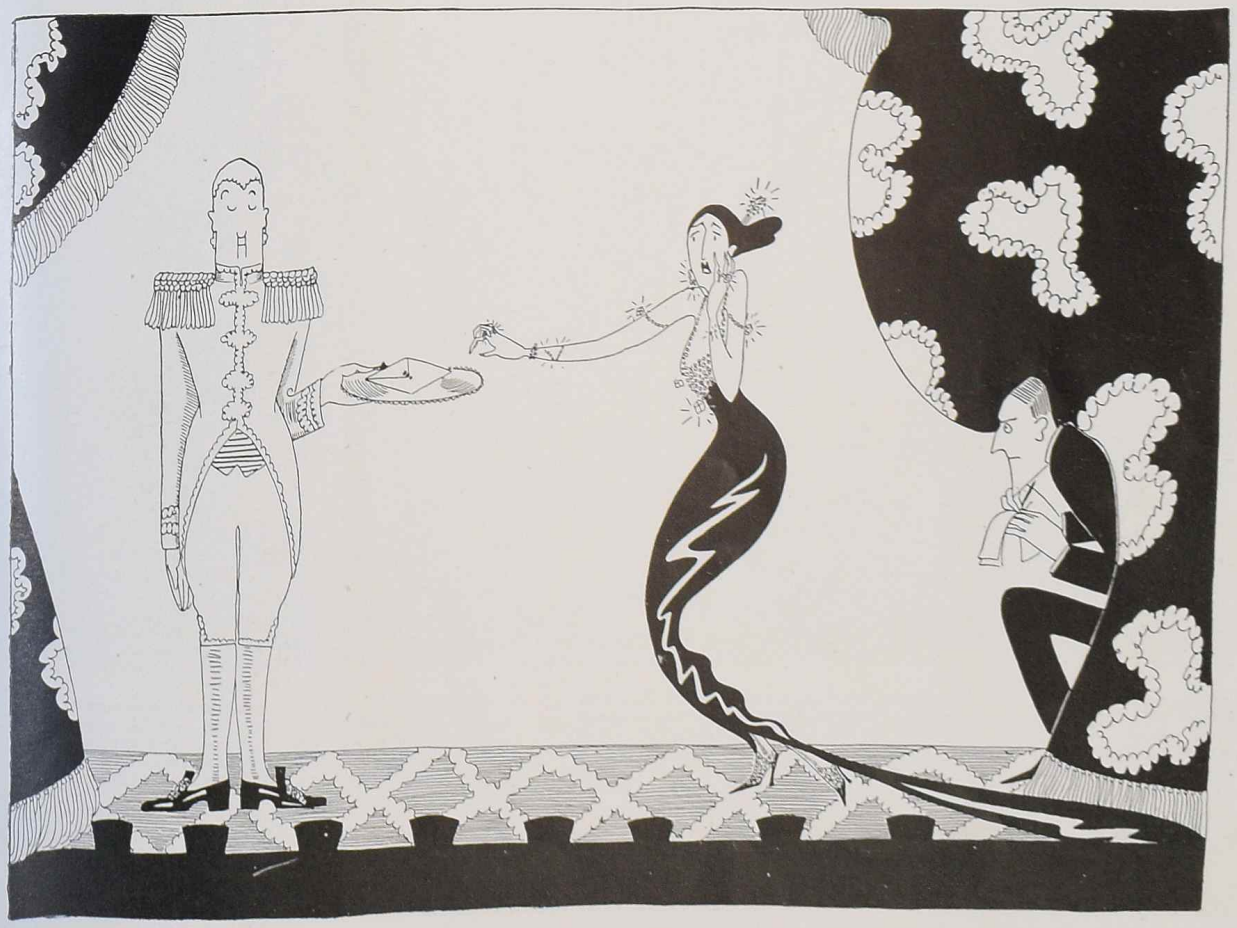
First of all, the French maid! Celeste, her name is. She must wear a cap, an apron and a short dress. But, here is the crux,—a French maid on the stage is not really a French maid until she gets her black silk stockings on. A French maid may fill her rôle indifferently, but not her stockings. There is another acid test, a test that never fails. When the master of the house makes love to her—as he always does in Act I—she must invariably address him as "Messeer"—"seer", rhyming with "leer." In like manner, she must allude to Messeer's wife as "Medamn," "damn," rhyming with "damn." Never pronounce the word "Madaaam," rhyming with "arm." And that is all that a maid need know to get $45 a week, keep a Pekingese, and get her picture into Vanity Fair



And now we come to the great LUST motive—the lust for love, and the lust for gold; for it is from the mingling of these twain that we derive true drammer. Note, if you will, an outstanding and wholly inexplicable fact in regard to girls on the stage. The maiden is always willing to throw herself into the arms of any man who is blond, who is penniless, whose shoulders are stuffed, and whose sentiments sound like those in an address to Congress, but—mark ye well—the man *must* be poor. As soon as a man has money—like the dark gentleman, pictured above—the maiden flies from him, screaming. He disgusts her. Her whole soul revolts. A pistol is none too good for him. A blond man, in the world of the drama, has no money, but he has a way with him; a dark man has much money, and so—away with him. P. S. Proving a favorite contention of ours; namely, that women in dramas are, with respect to their attitude toward men with money, wholly unlike the ladies of our own acquaintance

The Big Scene in that heart-throbbing drama, "Do Children Mean Anything in Your Life?" Reading from left to right: the professional home-wrecker, the irate husband, the little innocent, and the erring wife. Things were just beginning to liven up,—the irate husband and the professional home-wrecker were in the midst of a really good bout, and the erring wife was about to take a heaping dose of property poison, when the little chee-ild appeared and spoiled everything. The infant Bernhardt will now advance well into the spot-light and lisp in piteous tones, "Oh, Mother, you won't let that gentleman shoot my daddy, will you?" Everyone will immediately be overcome with remorse, the home-wrecker will slink away to his dressing-room, and the husband and the wife will rush into each other's arms, while the chee-ild recites "Now I lay me down to sleep," and the orchestra renders "Hearts and Flowers." At least one rôle like this is always included in the repertoire of every infant prodigy. There is only one excuse for the existence of child actresses—they are the most convincing arguments in favor of birth control

A typical first-act scene from every musical comedy of this—or any other—season. Father—the gentleman in the conventional checks and the property spats—is voicing and dancing his joy at having escaped from his wife and being back again in the dear old Latin Quarter. His joy, however, will be short-lived. Just after the opening chorus of the second act, Mother will come to the inevitable masked ball, completely disguised from everybody but the audience, and drag Father back home again with her, just as he is about to do a Spanish dance with the six best-selling show girls



The Fatal Letter scene; a gripping moment from the society drama, "It Happens in the Best Families." The misunderstood heroine is about to take the compromising letter from the German silver tray held by the footman (his first big part; he was formerly a Winter Garden chorus man). When the footman exits, she will believe herself to be alone, and, perfectly naturally, read the letter aloud to the entire audience. She does not know of the presence of the society reporter hidden behind the curtains at the extreme right. In the next act, them fatal words will be known to all the people in the cast, and her stage husband will be suing for divorce with the fatal letter featured as Exhibit A

MAURICE GOLDBERG

A Modern Priestess of Classic Dancing

This photograph was taken for Vanity Fair in Helen Moller's new temple of dancing, one of the most impressive studios of the kind in this country. Miss Moller lately filled the Metropolitan Opera House on two different occasions, on which she was assisted by more than forty of her pupils, in a series of classic Greek dances

SOPHOCLES *and* EURIPIDES TO-DAY

(*Continued from page 63*)

in praise of a bedroom farce?

Miss Anglin was required, by a popular demand that was literally undeniable, to offer many extra repetitions of the "Electra" of Sophocles and the "Medea" of Euripides. For each performance, the gross receipts amounted, in round numbers, to six thousand dollars. Readers of this article may need to be reminded that six thousand dollars, in the so-called "commercial" theatre of Broadway, is customarily regarded as a satisfactory response to a theatre week made up of eight performances. Any piece which attracts six thousand dollars in six evenings and two matinées is considered a "success" and permitted to retain its tenancy of a Broadway theatre so long as this intake is sustained. To reduce the matter to its simplest and most sordid terms,—the total "business" attracted to Carnegie Hall by Sophocles and Euripides in six performances has amounted to more money than is ordinarily received from the continuous run, for four or five weeks, of a Broadway "success" that is advertised as "popular." Yet our managers will still continue to assert that "Shakespeare spells ruin," and to shudder away from the very names of Euripides and Sophocles. They will still continue to talk down to the theatregoing public, instead of talking upward, like those smiling and ecstatic saints in Perugino's paintings. They will not learn the lesson that has, for many years, been taught and illustrated by Miss Anglin.

MISS ANGLIN AS MANAGER

For Miss Anglin is not only a great actress: she is also a great manager. In the midst of those very seasons when she has amused "the tired business man" by a delectable rendition of such light and recent comedies as "Green Stockings," "Beverly's Balance," and "Billeted," she has developed and perfected a Shakespearean repertory which includes "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," and "Antony and Cleopatra," a repertory of Greek drama which comprises two plays of Sophocles and two plays of Euripides, and a series of revivals of the satiric compositions of Oscar Wilde. There is, of course, no other actress in America who could successfully render the part of Sophocles' Electra in the afternoon and appear before a lighter-minded audience, three hours later, with a spirited performance of the high-comedy heroine of "Billeted." Miss Anglin's prowess as an actress has been duly recognized for many years: what is more important, at the present moment, is her prowess as a manager. She has faith in truth and beauty; and she is not afraid that the public will fail in subscribing to this faith. The answer to her optimism was recorded by that long line of people, with money in their hands, waiting patiently for the privilege of approaching the box-office of Carnegie Hall. There is always a great public for great art: and this Miss Anglin knows.

She has taught our public also that "Sophocles" and "Euripides" are not dead names, to be listed merely in card catalogues of dusty libraries, but living names of living playwrights, fitted to arouse the emotions of a public young and eager for sensation. Like all great artists, Miss Anglin is gifted, quite uncommonly, with common sense. She understands the simple point — which has escaped the notice of innumerable scholars and professors—that the Athenian public went to theatres not in answer to the call of duty but in answer to the call of pleasure. The aim of art is not instruction; it is merely entertainment; and the most high-minded dramatist tries only to overwhelm the members of his audience with an awareness of "God being with them when they know it not." Euripides and Sophocles are not aloof and distant, like the "high-brows" of this present time; for, in their own day, they fraternized with common men and sought to entertain the inarticulate but none-the-less appreciative "gallery" of Helots who could neither read nor write.

In ancient Athens, the original production of a play was an event that is comparable, in contemporary terms, to the staging, in New York, of the opening game in a series to determine the World's Championship in professional baseball. In the year 431 B. C., the first prize for tragedy was accorded to Euphorion; the second to Sophocles; and the third to Euripides, for the composition of four plays, one of which was the "Medea." When these prize-winning plays were acted, the whole town shut up shop and took a holiday, and sat upon the southern slope of the Acropolis to see what could be seen, and to enjoy whatever happened to be offered for enjoyment. These people — human like ourselves—did not congregate by thousands in pursuit of education: they assembled naturally in pursuit of entertainment. They went to the theatre to be interested and excited and enthralled; and—in that typical season which is numbered now by scholarly historians as the first year of the eighty-seventh Olympiad — Euphorion and Sophocles and Euripides earned the prizes they had won, by compelling the applause of a heterogeneous public which never numbered less than twenty thousand heads, for any one performance.

LIVING GREEK TRAGEDY

Miss Anglin, having seized the spirit of Greek tragedy, has decided that the thing to be pursued is not the interest of archæology but the interest of immediate theatrical appeal. She has handled the recorded texts of Euripides and Sophocles as if these ancient dramatists were contemporary and were standing at her elbow throughout the tentative period devoted to rehearsals. She has never allowed herself to think of either of these authors as any less alive than Arthur Wing Pinero or Augustus Thomas, or any less responsive to the predictable reactions of a contemporary audience. She has discarded the mask, and the cothurnus, and many other minor and mechanical conventions of the ancient drama; but she has preserved the wonder and the sting.

Miss Anglin's interpretations of Euripides and Sophocles were first disclosed in the summer of 1915, in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California. Rumours began immediately to drift eastward that she had "discovered" a couple of "young authors" who promised, in due time, to be "accepted" on Broadway.

THE RESPONSE OF THE PUBLIC

The present writer, among others in the East, received letters, at the time, which told the tale. Miss Anglin had imagined, for the end of the "Electra," a bit of "business" that was thoroughly in keeping with the high intention of the dramatist. Orestes, according to the orderly progression of the play, has entrapped Ægisthus, and challenged him to fight a duel for his life. The young avenger marches the elder murderer off stage, to the blood-bedewed halls of Agamemnon. From this heroic region, beyond the boundaries of the visible scene, there comes a noise of the clash of steel on steel and of the groans and grunts of supermen engaged in mortal combat. This sound is listened to by lone Electra, clad in dismal rags, who looms before the audience as a pillar of cloud, awaiting fearfully the outcome of the combat between the man who is her brother and the man who is her father's murderer. Off stage, there arises, in due time, a cry of agony, and then there comes a silence and a pause. Then, from out the portal of the house of Agamemnon, is hurled the sword of the vanquished. This token clatters, hurtling, down a stairway of enormous length. Electra shudders away from the symbol of defeat. Then, stealthily, she climbs down many steps, to examine it with anguished curiosity. With a wild cry, she catches up and flings the thing aloft: for she has recognized it as the sword of the hated murderer, Ægisthus. Then, at last, she dashes it beneath her feet, and tramples on it with a tardy sense of triumph. This point of high dramatic tensity concludes the play.

When Miss Anglin first presented the "Electra" of Sophocles in Berkeley, California, this final moment was received with utter silence. No hands were clapped together in the entire auditorium. A friend of mine was standing in the wings; and he told me—in a letter that was written at the time—that he heard Miss Anglin say aloud, "I've failed: — My God, I've failed!" Then, after an appreciable pause, there came a noise that sounded like the rushing of the tide at Mont Saint Michel. This noise was compounded of the cheering from twenty thousand throats. Louder and louder grew the acclamation, until it seemed to shake the skies. Then, suddenly, the stage itself was assaulted by hundreds and hundreds of clamorous spectators. They swarmed about Miss Anglin and strove to touch her finger-tips. One old man, whose face was bathed in tears, tore his own hat into shreds and tossed the pieces high into the air. . . . That was what he wished to say in tribute to a dramatist who had been dead and buried for two dozen centuries.

Any attempt to praise the prowess of the tragic dramatists of ancient Athens would be insulting to the cultured public to which this present article is primarily addressed. The Greeks of the great age of Pericles—two thousand and four hundred years ago—differed only from our authors of the present time in being more interpretive of the reactions of the hypothetic individual whom we now define as "the man in the street." In any work of art that is eternal, there is never any indication of the sort of question which challenges comparison between the present and the past. There can be nothing either new or old in any work that has been fashioned "not of an age but for all time."

THE SETTINGS BY MR. PLATT

In adapting her productions of Greek tragedy to the bald inhospitable housing of Carnegie Hall, Miss Anglin has been aided greatly by the graphic imagination of Mr. Livingston Platt. It was Mr. Platt who arranged the architectural investiture of the "Electra" and the "Medea," the harmonizing of the costumes, and the manipulating of the lights. When Mr. Platt was called before the curtain, some people among the thousands who stood up and clapped their hands in front may have regarded him as "the author"; but this tribute was not unreasonably paid to an artist who had done his best to reinforce the clear appeal of the dramatists of ancient Athens.

A critical comparison between the "Electra" of Sophocles and the "Medea" of Euripides is apparently demanded in the present context; but this comparison is difficult to make. For many centuries, it has been assumed, as a commonplace of commentary, that Sophocles was a greater playwright than his younger rival. Yet this assertion has been challenged by such ancient critics as Aristotle and such modern critics as Goethe. The final truth appears to be that Sophocles was more abstract and general in his formulation of the records of experience, and that Euripides was more concrete and more particular. In consequence of this distinction, Euripides now seems more "modern," and Sophocles now appears to be more "classical."

To my own mind, the distinction between the two may be symbolized most quickly by reference to the cognate art of architecture. Sophocles reminds me of the Parthenon: and Euripides reminds me of the Corinthian temple at Nîmes. The strength of Euripides is based upon the particularity of his appeal to those personal and individual reactions which, in every period, appear to be most timely; but the power of Sophocles is founded on the generality of his appeal to emotions which are absolute, and therefore beyond the reach of any hint of time.

Euripides, in his "Medea" — a comparatively early composition which, two thousand three hundred and fifty years ago was accorded only a third prize in Athens—proclaimed and trumpeted the new insurgence of downtrodden woman against dominating man. Some of the choruses of this play, as translated by Professor Gilbert Murray, appear to have been written a year or two ago, as "feminist" documents inspired by the modern insurrection of subjected women. In listening to lines like these, it is difficult for any auditor to realize that Euripides has been dead for more than twenty centuries: he appears to be, with such a keen degree of militance, a prophet of our own contemporary period.

SOPHOCLES AND EURIPIDES

It would be easy enough to argue that Sophocles, in his "Electra," has surpassed, in sheer dramatic power, the appeal that was subsequently made by Euripides, in the "Medea." But this traditional and scholarly adjudication would be divorced from the verdict of the contemporary public. As a matter of record, there can scarcely be a doubt that the theatregoing public of New York prefers the "Medea" of Euripides to the "Electra" of Sophocles. For one thing, our modern audience understands more easily the motives of Medea, who is actuated by jealousy, and by the "fury of a woman scorned," than the motives of Electra, who is actuated by the incentive of blood vengeance and "that eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness." And, for another thing, the modern audience is moved more easily by emotions that seem to have been dated from the present hour than by emotions that seem to be untimely, because they have originally been imagined without reference to any thought of time. Euripides still appears to us, as he seemed, long ago, to Aristotle, "the most tragic of the poets"; but Sophocles is more august and monumental in the architecture of his plays.

De Luxe Editions of Spring Hats and Dresses

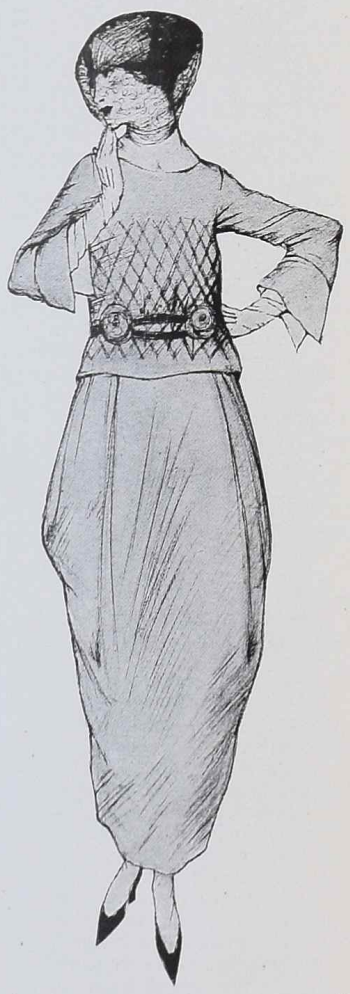
Limited in Cost, But Boundless in Chic

Tricolette—it looks like silk jersey, but it's really made from wood fibre—is the material of this street frock. It may be bronze, dark blue, gray, tan, or white. Two big pins catch the wired black ribbon brim to the black straw crown of the becoming hat; frock, $125; hat, $22

Foulard, that difficult material to handle well, is most successfully used in this dress—the simplicity of line is the secret of it. On the dark blue ground of the material, little white ships sail on through a maze of seaweed. Bands of blue Georgette crêpe are the only trimming. The dark blue leghorn sailor is wreathed with bunches of red grapes; dress, $110; hat, $20

In spite of the soft lines of its silhouette, this covert cloth frock is scrupulously tailored. The surplice bodice ties in back. The hat has a double brim of black milan, and a milan and taffeta crown, from the front of which droops a spray of small black feathers; frock, $125; hat, $32

This frock, with its gracefully draped bodice, is all of crêpe de Chine, in any color one chooses to order it. The picturesque hat is of brown taffeta and brown hemp, wreathed with yellow buttercups; frock, $125; hat, $25



Wool embroidery trims this dark blue serge frock. Its skirt is caught up in back under a long panel. The four-cornered hat is of dark blue glazed liséré straw with an edging of pleated dark blue ribbon; frock, $90; hat, $20

PARIS MAKES A BRAVE SHOWING

(*Continued from page 45*)

used also on the long very wide sleeves. They are a very new note, these sleeves of Poiret's; their fulness is held in by a deep buttoned cuff. His scroll effects made by stripes of colour are altogether charming, in red on navy blue serge, or in grey on a brown dress.

THE "WHISTLE" SILHOUETTE

The general silhouette does not differ much from other seasons; it is very straight and rather narrow, and what large or full effects there are, are kept for the shoulders. It is no longer the "melon" silhouette of last year,—it is rather a use of line slim enough to be called the "whistle."

To go with these dresses, in less mild weather, Poiret has invented, for use upon all varieties of occasions, some short floating garments which have an amusing charm, for they give the impression of a wrap which has no importance; which is just ready to fall off; which, indeed, is barely kept on the shoulders. Poiret does not adopt any special silhouette for each season; he is an artist, a painter, who dresses each woman according to her type and the colour which she suggests; for every woman has her colour. It is for this reason that he makes for Madeleine, who is very tall and blonde, an adorable dress of pink and white checks, with the corsage joined to the skirt by tabs piped with white piqué, and a sash of black faille, which shows only in the back. This costume is sketched at the lower left on page 44.

For me, who am tall and dark, he makes the evening dress, sketched in the middle on page 44, in oriental red velvet, which is crossed by a wide black ribbon hanging down the back. On the front, to simulate a sash, there is a plastron of heavy dull gold embroidery, with tassels, to give that exotic note Poiret always uses; this touch makes for each of his creations a personality which the wearer assumes, as an actor enters an interesting rôle.

BEER AND PAQUIN

The indications at this house for the season's modes are very clear; Beer shows us draped skirts with panniers—discreet, but panniers all the same—and serge morning dresses, extremely simple but never perfectly straight; there is also an afternoon dress, of taffeta or embroidered crêpe. Machine embroidery is used in forming motifs on the front and sides of a long redingote. Everywhere there are draperies or the "tucked-up" effect; it is only when the coat is taken off that this line appears, which may or may not mean that in reality it has little importance.

The dress, "Benjamin," second from the upper left on page 44, of wool and putty coloured Georgette crêpe embroidered in the same colour, gives an idea of those very simple but very well-made models which Beer is using this season. "Pirouette," at the upper left on page 44, is a dress very amusing in the novelty of its complicated fronts and its plastron buttoning on the shoulders.

Beer makes very sumptuous and elaborate evening dresses. Metal cloths and brocades, used with embroidered tulles, show us things which almost make us believe that the good old days have come back to Paris. Madeleine and I are lost in a dream of peaceful and happy existence where every evening we dress for a new dinner by innumerable lights, where we will be fêted and admired, where—but we leave the too cruel dream to come back to the reality of pretty costumes known as "sports" costumes,—white, blue, and pink, or all these colours mixed.

The house of Paquin varies its models without settling on any one style. It keeps a whimsical and charming silhouette and bases new ideas on that, but we find also, as in the pretty dress "Fauvette," sketched on page 45, the classic lines of all the epochs of great elegance; it has draperies of white crêpe de Chine edged with jet beads. The tailored suit, "Hirondelle," made of grey bure de soie, which is sketched at the left of page 45, is one among the many successes of the Maison Paquin.

We must hurry now if we would be in time for a tea which Mr. Sturges is giving to-day, and we rush off to the Place Vendôme to tell everybody at the tea the great sights we have seen in these last days.

At this brilliant assembly, too, we can not help noting the costumes; for here, although they may not yet be wearing the latest spring models, the women are delightfully dressed. The Countess Rebinder, for instance, is here, looking ever so well in a brown tailored costume, trimmed with metal buttons on the sides of the skirt and the jacket; one sees these pretty fancy buttons everywhere. Mlle. d'Hinnisdal is in a dress of sable brown silk, short and clinging, gathered just above the waist, with a little close hat to match. The Marquise de Jancourt, pretty and languid under her black satin hat pulled way down over her eyes, is dressed in black satin. The draped corsage is knotted behind on the hips. The Princess Radziwill wears a Chanel dress of silk tricot embroidered in dull gold, a model which is fashionable at present and very charming.

MARTIAL ET ARMAND

Martial et Armand have in their collection of street costumes one that has a delightful capricious suggestion of the little street-boys of Paris. It is light, short, and extremely practical, both in cut and material. The very high collars of the guimpes or blouses which go with these tailored costumes will be a great novelty. They have stocks "à la prud-homme," and pleated ruchings which frame the oval of the face. With Martial et Armand, the skirts have a very special line. Pulled in in the back and tight at the knees, they are rather draped and full in front, like the frock on page 46, at the right. Many of the dresses seem, on this account, to have an apron, for often the fronts are pleated or slightly draped and turned up near the bottom under a motif of embroidery.

The afternoon dresses invoke the sun, for they are all of light materials, dotted or checked, with panels of plain material; there are few full ones, although the characteristic of Martial et Armand is especially the draped and pulled-back effect. The gown at the left on page 46 emphasizes this particular point, with its vest embroidered in black soutache braid, its collar rolled like a paper cornucopia, and its "string" belt. The "string" belt is again apparent at the top of the same page, on the frock of dark blue silk.

PREMET

Premet always plans his gowns to be made by Premet; one could never have the kind of thing he proposes carried out by one's maid or a small dressmaker. The cut of his blouses and his one-piece dresses is the result of a very special science, and, let us add, a very admirable one, for in spite of the elaborate designs, the silhouette remains extremely slender and does not emphasize any part of the figure.

Silk jersey with a coarse mesh, serge and cotton jersey, only partly embroidered, are Premet's greatest success, though at Premet's I saw many foulards. Cross-stitch embroidery in coloured wools is found on many dresses, and the special originality lies in the fact that on the same dress the embroideries are in different colours,—blue, red, and black, for instance—at the neck, waist, and shoulder.

A cape of silk jersey, lined with brocaded jersey, is a novelty typical of this house. A tailored suit, called "La Chasse," of checked toile de laine, is sketched at the lower right on page 47. It has a skirt pleated on the side, and a feature of especial interest—a neck opening with a bias facing of black satin; this wide facing is arranged like a fichu collar, which crosses at the front and knots very low behind.

But Madeleine has been especially tempted by the charming simplicity of the dress "La Complice," in blue serge with a belt of green leather, shown on page 47, in the middle of the page.

In each model of Premet's one sees the ingenuity and the sure taste of Madame Renée, whom we admire as she goes about the rooms in her pretty dress of cerise silk tricot, embroidered in black and gold. This season has continued the era of Premet's success.

AT THE PLAY

It is late, and I depart, leaving Madeleine to make a final inspection; I am attending this evening, the première of "Kiki" at the Théâtre Gymnase. This play, by M. André Picart, is full of acute observations and of sensibility; it provides a good medium for Spinelli, who has the principal rôle. It would not be possible to give a more natural interpretation of a good and gentle little woman whom life and circumstances put in a false position by a shameless profligate. Mlle. Spinelli is dressed by Poiret, in the most imaginative manner, in admirable accord with the character she plays. On the other hand, Mlle. Prince, costumed by Doucet, is a very sophisticated woman, elegance personified, whose principal preoccupation is luxury.

A few days ago, at the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens, "Mon Jeudi," a comedy by M. Yves Mirande, had its general rehearsal before a most Parisian audience. In a proscenium box, Mlle. Mona Delza, charming under an immense "blonde" hat, very flat, covered with tulle to match, wore a dress of gold metal cloth, of open weave; it was half hidden under a wrap of velvet as "blonde" as her hat. Madame Rostand, in black and jet, wore a lovely jet toque. Mlle. Spinelli, in a coat of heavy material with green and white checks, wore a rather high hat, without a brim, covered with a shower of grey silk fringe. Mme. Cora Laparcerie-Richepin was all in black and white with a large hat.

Mlle. Rénouardt was exquisite as she appeared on the stage in her different costumes. First she wore a pink negligée of "turco" crêpe with two roses embroidered in crystal on the side. In the second act, she wore a dress of pink and lavender crêpe, beaded with crystal, and an exquisite dinner gown in mauve liberty satin and brilliant tulle, of which the panniers at the sides hung free and were turned up at the edge, so that they floated like wings at the least motion. As for the bridal gown in the last act, it is charming, but not at all of traditional design; it has a crown of daisies and a trimming of silver lace edged with crystal. Nothing is lacking, not even the court train in silver cloth, ironically sumptuous in the circumstances. But for all that, our dressmakers are better psychologists than we consistently realize. Perhaps it is well for us to realize that there do exist such things as court trains and evening dresses.

CHEZ DOUCET

The great and beautiful tradition of elegance dwells with Doucet, as it always did in the radiant days of peace—that elegance which could not understand a slipshod woman, but had for its ideal a gracious being, dressed to charm and to show what true beauty is. No excessive shortness, no puffings, no surprises in line are seen at Doucet's. The models of this house express the ideal of the woman who loves luxury and can not live without it.

A Doucet dress with a high collar of bure de laine is sketched at the top of page 48; it has big pockets in front, and a large passementerie collar to match it in colour, yet it is exceedingly simple. Doucet has carefully followed the lines of the figure, and in his delicate coloured muslins, embroidered in grey Angora, there is an infinite elegance and a perfect cut. He prefers soft materials like phénicienne, silk crêpe, and silk tricot for formal occasions. Morning frocks of a very fine serge, velours de laine, or duvetyn, give a soft effect, and borders of monkey fur add a distinctive touch to these simple costumes. Some of the high collars, in the same material as the dress, produce the subdued effect which the perfect war-time dress should have.

Madeleine comes to Doucet's to meet me, after the reception at the Academy for the philosopher Bergson, and her mind, charmed by the eloquence of the elect, thinks only of classicism, pure beauty, and harmony. Where could she have an atmosphere more in accord with her exalted state of being, even in former times of frivolities, than in these surroundings of beauty? She could not better finish a day so well begun than by ordering, as she does immediately, two ideal dresses, one of which, a blue serge, is shown at the left on page 48. With its straight telling lines and high belt, it recalls the end of the eighteenth century. The high collar, which may be worn open, has a charm that is very new.

And as I close this harmonious list, any part of which is enough to make us dream dreams, the cannon begins to boom in all the forts around Paris. The Gothas have been sighted again, but the aviators entrusted with the defence of our city will not allow them to pass; they want to keep for their beloved Paris the right to smile again, despite everything.

J. R. F.

Thamara Swirskaya: The Chinese Lily

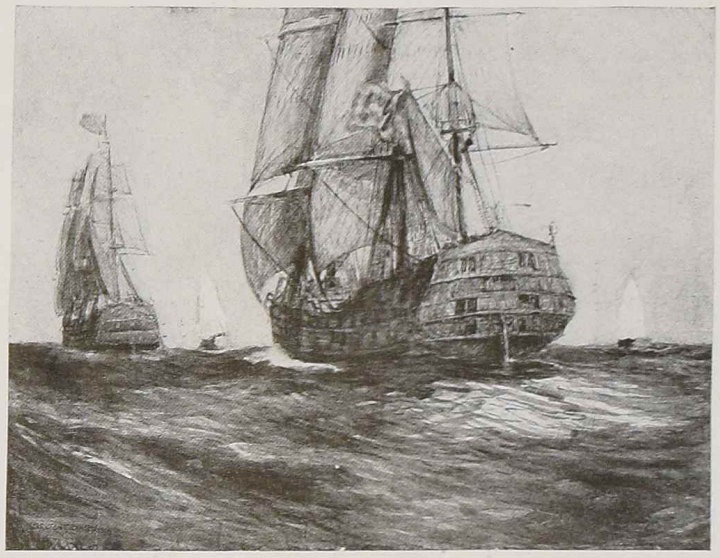
Dancer, Pianist and True Artist In Pantomime

have been true to the tradition of transparent washes of water-colour not dependent on gouache or on oil technique. The tradition of Mauve still finds expression in the work of Charles P. Gruppe, who exhibited "The Road to Noordwyk," in which the shepherd and his flock move peacefully in a greyed landscape. These are but a few of those landscapes to which "Saw Mill Road," by Ethel H. Quackenbush, a fresh wash sketch, free and full of colour, and "Spring," by E. H. Warwick, with its scarlet-coated figure among the green of foliage, were welcome additions. William R. Leigh's study and knowledge of the Indians was shown in "Forgotten," an evening scene in a Pueblo village, where two Indian ponies stand patiently tied to nothing while their riders regale themselves inside the lighted hut. On the whole, the exhibition held a number of able water-colours, but nothing of first rank, and there was in the catalogue an element which this winter has been creeping into exhibition catalogues—the listing of the price of each picture with its title. It is perhaps one of the unfortunate results of financial pressure due to the war, but it is a jarring note which immediately puts the exhibition not on an art but on a financial basis.

The most interesting of the one-man exhibitions was a showing of eighteen canvases by Bryson Burroughs at the Montross Galleries. So in sympathy is he with early Florentine art expression that one finds its reflection running through much of his painting and influencing it both in composition and in his use of soft colour. For while he is not, like some of our present-day painters, aiming at the revival of painting on the damp plaster, or true fresco, he has been able to reflect in oil on canvas at least

A R T

(*Continued from page 67*)



© Peter A. Juley

Among the few paintings of the sea at the exhibition of the American Water Color Society was "Westward Ho!" by Carlton T. Chapman

the spirit, if not the actual colour, of the early fresco. Whatever the subject Bryson Burroughs chooses, be it from ancient myth, from "A Thousand and One Nights," or from modern inspiration, he always makes of it a decorative canvas, which, like "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," contains not only the beauty of the various parts, but an arrangement of pattern and a feeling for colour which mark it as painted from a decorative point of view.

In comparison, his individual or portrait study and his interest in texture are of minor importance, except in canvases that are direct portraits, such as "Miss M. L. in Brittany," a circular composition in which the profile stands out against a distant landscape background, and in the charming child portrait which stands out so vividly in "The Departure" and seems such a vital bit in a quiet composition. Not only in the general arrangement of his composition does the decorative element predominate, but even in such details as the patterned ripples of the water in "Mother and Child." This is one of the canvases in which the artist has used scenes of to-day and showed their decorative possibilities. While "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood" is the most statically decorative, it is in "The Porter and the Ladies of Bagdad" that one finds less restraint and more varied interest in the scattered groups of figures and in the beauties of the landscape, all woven in pleasing colour and interesting pattern into a canvas of Eastern spirit.

The entire exhibition transports one from the conflict of the present to a remote and quiet land of legend, which is painted simply, somewhat flatly, and with very little action to draw the attention from its decorative beauty.

WOMEN'S CLUBS AND WAR WORK

(*Continued from page 57*)

in this bulletin; each issue contained valuable suggestions as to what foods should be used sparingly and what could be used in abundance. For instance, in the bulletin for July was the following paragraph: "Wool is needed for the army, therefore cut down on mutton. The increase of both beef and wool depends on our leaving the calves and lambs to grow up; so do not put any lamb or veal in the food budget at the present time. Chickens, turkeys, geese, guinea-fowl, ducks, and pigeons are ours for the buying, and yet we are not buying them. The dealers throughout June report fresh killed, dry packed, and iced poultry as 'weak, uncertain, and in poor demand,' and complain bitterly that they do not understand why the consumers' demand should be so slight. A mature consideration by intelligent dealers of the price the retailers ask for this same overplentiful poultry might suggest a reason."

Recipes were also given; the bulletin for November contained valuable recipes for bread which could be made from wheat flour substitutes, and in the same bulletin were recipes for desserts that contained no sugar. Some federal questions were touched upon, but, for the most part, the bulletins were directly applicable to the households in New York City. The bulletins were punctuated by headlines in bold-face type that summed up the food situation with a dash of humour thrown in, just to make it truly American. For instance, one read, "Cursing the speculator and investigating the middleman cans no beans." Another, "Have you used corn-meal for breakfast?" And, apropos of the State Food Law, passed on the twenty-fourth of August, 1917, "Now that we have the legislation, what are we going to do with it?"

THE COLONY CLUB

The Colony Club devotes the afternoons it formerly gave to the Fine Arts to discussions on food conservation. The members give their personal experiences on home canning, home drying, community drying, and commercial canning and drying. The object of these discussions is to ascertain, as far as possible, what methods should be followed in different communities. Representative speakers from this country and Europe are the guests of the Club for these Tuesday afternoons and add their valuable experience to the discussions.

A "Kitchen Trailer" has been sent to the front by the Colony Club instead of an ambulance; this bears hot food to the wounded by way of first aid. The Club gymnasium has been converted into a Red Cross headquarters, where the Club members avail themselves of the privilege of rolling bandages and making dressings any day and all day.

COSMOPOLITAN CLUB

"I have just forty minutes before the lecture; that will give me time to make a pair of socks," is overheard at the Cosmopolitan Club, as the member hurries off to the knitting-room where knitting-machines have been set up for the members to devote a few profitable hours each day in response to the request from abroad for millions of socks. Expert teachers are in attendance, however, since Mrs. Belmont, writing from Paris, says, "Can we beg people not to knit if they do not know how? It wastes wool, which has a value beyond price. Do not send socks badly made; badly made socks, those with knots in them, can and do cripple our soldiers. Preach socks! Really, I believe for the need, the machine-made ones are the best."

The Cosmopolitan Club has also sent an ambulance to Italy, and one group of members is devoting all its energy to helping in the reconstruction of the devastated villages in France. Lectures on war work are often given by women who have distinguished themselves in the field. For instance, Miss Helen Fraser, organizer of the National War Savings Committee in England, has recently come over and gave a most earnest talk on "Women's Part in Winning the War." The lecture covered the latest developments in the employment of one and one-quarter million women in the war industries of Great Britain and dealt with such timely questions as Women's Auxiliary Army Corps Communal Kitchens and the housing of woman war workers. Besides these instructive talks that keep the members in touch with war conditions and the work that women must accomplish, the Cosmopolitan Club set the example of conforming at once to all the food and fuel laws in the management of the club-house itself.

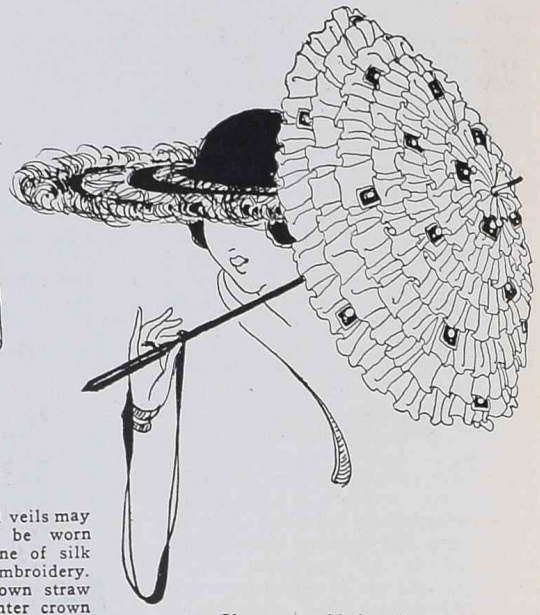
THE YORK CLUB

The York Club, while not joining as an organization in this national work, includes in its membership some of the most actively interested women in New York, and the club-house has seen the origin of some of the best and most inspirational types of relief work. Needless to say, the York Club at once responded to all the edicts from Washington on food conservation. Undoubtedly, the women's clubs of New York are proving their real worth as organizations at the time when they are most needed. Their record is a fine one, and their range of work far reaching.

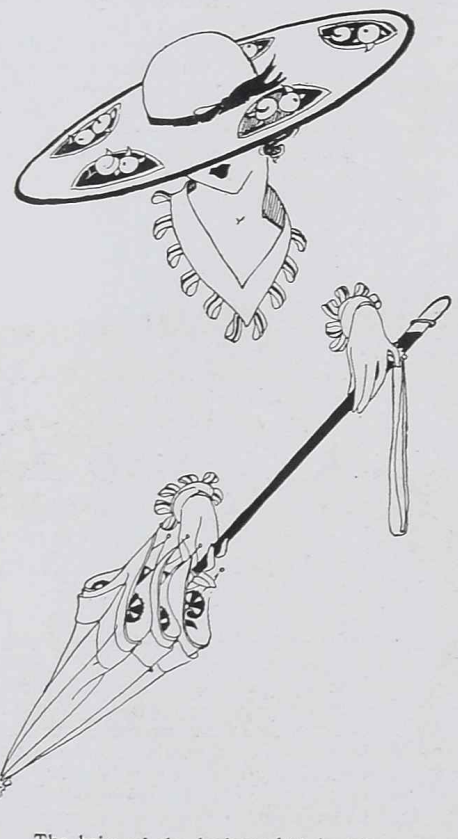
On those cool summer evenings that will soon be in our midst, the sub-deb will replace her furs with a scarf of loosely woven brocaded silk in palest blue, edged with flesh colored marabou

The hat is all of French organdie, white over pale pink, wreathed with flowers of rose colored silk. The parasol is of pink faille tussur, bordered with a band of white organdie, above which is a line of roses crocheted from pink silk. The handle has a knot of little flowers

The new long oval veils may hang loosely or be worn close, like this one of silk mesh with cord embroidery. The hat is of brown straw with a tam-o'-shanter crown



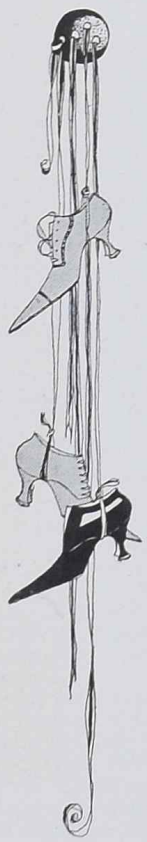
If one would be picturesque, the thing to be it in is a hat of black liséré straw with inserts of black malines and bands of black ostrich feathers. The parasol of black net ruffles, dotted with bead medallions and made over pink silk, makes things more picturesque than ever



The brim of the leghorn hat is cut out, now and then, to show the facing of Yale blue Georgette crêpe. Clusters of beaded fruit emphasize the cut-out places. The parasol is of white Georgette crêpe over figured gray Japanese silk; the three parasols on this page from Altman

Over the hat of dark blue satin and straw with a halo of clipped coque feathers is worn a long oval veil with an embroidered border; the hats and veils on this page from Mary's Hat Shop

The net scarf is one of the most charming accessories of evening dress. This one is of black net, embroidered in blue beads and threads of gold; two scarfs from Altman



The French-heeled oxford is without doubt the shoe of the season. The topmost one is of Cordovan colored calfskin, then comes one of brown satin with heel and vamp of matching brown kid, and then one of brown kid with an insert of tan suède; shoes from Cammeyer

Heights and Depths of a Successful Spring Costume

MUSIC

(*Continued from page 62*)

Many another opera is chosen for one of our large opera houses only because of its "starring possibilities." The most conscientious of directors cannot resist the clamours of the operatic star-gazers.

No artist is great enough to create art by himself. On the contrary, the greater he is, the more eagerly does he lay hold of forces outside himself, the more willingly does he make himself an instrument for the perfection of beauty created by others. Homer is none the less great because he was "an editor," or Shakespeare because he was "a teller of other men's tales." Greatness in art has an ancient lineage and transcends any individual's powers. That which speaks to many men must be spoken by many men.

"LE COQ D'OR"

This is especially true in the larger forms of art, of which opera is one of the most impressive examples. Year by year, at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, one hears the season's "novelties," and one is oppressed by the pretentious futility which seems to inform most of them. For all but a few of these works, which are so carefully picked by Gatti-Cazazza to meet the dozen jealous requirements of his audience and his circumstances, sound of the machine-shop. They are made, not created; manufactured, not born. But once in a while some new work appears which tells instantly of its authentic inspiration. It comes trailing old yarns and old beliefs, old colours and flavours, perhaps old lies and superstitions, and very often old melodies. Not all operas that graft on to themselves something of an older day are great. But most of the great works burn with a blood that was long brewed in the veins of the people.

Such a work, in many respects, is the Russian opera, *"Le Coq d'Or,"* which had its first American performance at the Metropolitan early in March. It bears the distinguished name of Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff as its composer. But to relate that Rimsky-Korsakoff sat down in his study some time in the year 1906 in the relatively peaceful city of St. Petersburg and began the composition, and arose some time in the year 1907 in the same study having finished it, is to tell nothing of its artistic generation. One adds little that is instructive by relating that the libretto was ably prepared by V. Bielsky. For the libretto is based upon a poem written by Pushkin three-quarters of a century previously, and this in turn was a retelling of a fairy-tale current among the Russian people, one knows not how many centuries before. Millions, doubtless, of Russian children, had giggled over this tale of the funny old king who, at his wits' end how to defend his kingdom from its enemies, accepted from an old astrologer a golden cock that would crow a warning when the land was in danger. Some elementary sense of justice made these children dictate that the foolish old king should not long enjoy such benefits without deserving them, and that, having shown his unworthiness in cruel tyranny and futile quarrelling, he should be killed by the golden cock that had so often saved him. The tale must have lived partly by virtue of its moral; for the craving for rude justice is one of the passions of human beings, especially of those human beings not yet moulded and twisted by the grown-up lies of society —the children. Chesterton insists that a yarn without a good moral cannot be a good yarn, and modern psychology publishes volumes of the same import. The tale of the Golden Cock, at all events, passed the moral censor of many Russian children and perhaps reached the ears of the child Pushkin, at last, from the lips of his nurse, the source whence came so much of his literary material.

INSPIRATION FROM FOLK-SONG

Here, for a moment, without mentioning its later accretions of content and meaning, let us leave the theme to speak of the music. This music is, indeed, personal in the last degree. It is signed, as it were, at the end of every bar with its composer's distinguished name. It is inconceivable that the score could have been written by any one else living in the world at the time. Its fluency, transparency, and graciousness all speak of Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff, the genial melodist and expert technician, who was hardly surpassed in all Europe in perfection of taste. Yet this most personal of workmen was one of the group of Russian composers, of whom Moussorgsky was the outstanding genius, who based their whole musical creed on the cultivation of the spirit and material of the Russian folk-song in their music. This last of Rimsky-Korsakoff's operas is only a flower of the enthusiasm engendered at the many meetings in the house of Mily Balakireff when he was a lad. In the music of *"Le Coq d'Or"* is an ever recurring flavour of the Russian popular melody. There is more besides; there is, for instance, an Orientalism nicely fashioned, far removed from any actual tunes of the East, but stimulated and fed in the beginning by the authentic materials. There is, in addition, a quantity of charming music of no specific national character, elaborated with myriad little touches such as can come only from the craft of the artist. But he would be an ungracious critic who would deny to this music what its composer so ardently claimed for most of what he wrote, the inspiration of nationalism. Rimsky-Korsakoff went far beyond the somewhat crude enthusiasm of those early meetings, exemplified in his first opera "Pskovitianka," to the exquisite polish of this last. But the evolution is placid and steady. The inspiration burns clear to the end. Rimsky-Korsakoff's music, and *"Le Coq d'Or"* with it, is as we know it because centuries earlier the Russian peasants had invented such songs as pleased them, independently of their neighbours. Before he wrote, the composer knew thousands of these songs. He drank nourishment from them. And from them he learned something of his craft.

From this point the story of the genealogy of the opera takes another turn. This time it is in the direction of politics. For like so many other works of art in Russia, *"Le Coq d'Or"* may be called, in some sense, a political document. The original tale was innocent enough of any political tendency, save for the underlying menace which lay in its moral, namely, that those who possess the goods of this world must honourably assume its responsibilities or take the consequences. But the story left Pushkin's hands a political parable. The poet, who in a freer land would have been only a happy story-teller, was stirred to a burning revolutionary enthusiasm by the political oppression under which he came to maturity. He made himself, in fact, one of the distinguished ancestors of that revolution which broke out in Petrograd a year ago and which has yet by no means run its course. He chummed with discontented idealists among the Russian aristocracy when he was scarcely more than a boy. He wrote a poem, "To Liberty," which circulated in manuscript among the officers of the army; he was exiled for it to the Caucasus. He flirted with secret societies plotting revolt. When the first revolution broke out he saved himself, probably, from a Siberian exile, if not from death, by hurriedly burning his incriminating papers. And now, having helped to set the great fashion of Russian revolution, he helped to set one of the great fashions of Russian literature. In large measure he created the political parable, the work which is *belles lettres* without and dynamite within. Very innocent, as it seems in these days, do his works sound. But they had their clear meaning to those who wished to know. His "Eugene Onyegin," externally a mere sentimental romance of polite society, was accepted by his countrymen as a call to action, one of the first of that long line, ever increasing in violence, which culminated a few weeks ago on the soapboxes of Nevsky Prospekt. He wrote many more such double-edged works, and "The Golden Cock" is one of them. For, as its sententious prologue sets forth, "it is only a tale, but its moral is highly edifying."

THE STAGING AND THE ACTING

One might question whether the somewhat splashy background and the rather ineffective stage arrangement of the first act achieved all that might have been achieved for the opera. But the second act setting, with its stiff woven clouds and its menacing ravens hovering over the field of battle, was a very masterpiece of grotesque pictorial humour. The draperies and the larger properties, such as the couch and the dining-table of the first act, were adorned with fantastic designs which the artist must have salvaged from many hours of painful research. Indeed, Pogany's work was, on the whole, so brilliantly done that it will remain a standard for future productions of exotic works at the Metropolitan.

It has been said, not far back, that the auditor did not feel uncomfortably the arbitrary separation of singer and actor. Perhaps, however, he would have been still more comfortable under the new dispensation if singing and acting had been somewhat better synchronized. Adolph Bolm, who directed the staging, had difficult work indeed, the fruits of which should ripen as the weeks roll by. But one could wish that the vivid burlesquing and miming which he has introduced could be more, and the conventional motions out of ballet, fewer. Too often, in some of the parts, it seemed that the characters were only filling in their time with the stock of gestures taught in the schools. Bonfiglio was at a loss as the Astrologer in the Prologue. Rosina Galli, a charming temptress in those moments of the second act when the dramatic action was obvious, was clearly puzzled as to how the more delicate play of humour should be made evident. The ensemble of the ballet, too, being new to strictly dramatic action, lacked a little in that ultimate finesse which so artificial a production demands. Such criticisms can only in small measure, however, be levelled at Bolm in the part of the King. For through all but occasional moments of his performance, the part was pungent with humour clearly conceived in the character itself and expressed expertly with endless resource. Whatever is still wanting on the mimetic side may be presently supplied. At least, Bolm has done enough to vindicate the novel scheme which Fokine originated in London several years ago.

After the half dozen "novelties" of the present season, *"Le coq d'Or,"* is beyond a doubt "the event." Strange it is, that this work, trailing the memory of the impulse in which the Russian Revolution began, came to New York only after it had culminated; that this satire on the Czar was not shown here until the Czar was living a prisoner in a Siberian apartment. Stranger still, that it had its first performance in America on the night when Americans were reading the terms of defeat of that Revolution, which had been finally born into a world too mad to control.

La Comtesse de Chavannes qui, à 70 ans a gardé un teint délicieux presque semblable à celui d'une jeune fille, déclare:

"Quiconque emploie la CREME TOKALON ne devra jamais avoir l'air vieux. Elle a opéré des merveilles en ma faveur."

POURQUOI VOUS DEVEZ ESSAYER

LA CREME TOKALON

Même si vous avez l'habitude d'une autre crème qui semble vous donner toute satisfaction

LA réponse est simple et doit convaincre toute femme de bon sens qui désire "rester jeune et jolie." Rien que sa composition, dans laquelle entrent de la crème fraîche et de l'huile d'olives pures et artificiellement prédigérées, suffit à elle seule pour la classer à part de toutes les autres crèmes. Tous les produits qui y entrent sont combinés de telle sorte qu'ils servent d'aliment à la peau. Ces aliments reconstituants et facilement assimilables sont immédiatement absorbés par les pores et c'est ainsi que la Crème Tokalon est considérée par les plus grands spécialistes comme la "nourriture" par excellence de l'épiderme. C'est maintenant un fait prouvé et reconnu par des milliers de femmes que cette crème atténue les rides et les marques de l'âge et les fait même complètement disparaître. Par son action revivifiante, elle remplit rapidement les joues creuses et les muscles mous et flasques du visage et donne à la peau et au teint une merveilleuse apparence de jeunesse, car elle nourrit véritablement la peau, lui infusant ainsi une nouvelle vie. Tout en faisant adhérer la poudre, la Crème Tokalon est absolument non grasse et ne laisse donc aucune trace de luisant, un avantage marqué sur la plupart des autres crèmes; en outre, elle n'occasionne pas de pousse de duvet et n'irrite pas l'épiderme le plus délicat. Cette crème est donc, dans un seul produit, la combinaison d'une parfaite crème de toilette et d'une riche nourriture pour la peau. Faites un simple essai et vous serez enchantée de son effet merveilleux. En vente partout: frs. 2.00 et 3.00.

MR. HOOVER'S NEW ALLIES

(*Continued from page 59*)

Arthur Elliott, butler for Mrs. James Speyer, presided at the meeting and introduced the speakers. T. Gillet, chef for Mrs. Frank Gray Griswold, voiced the French point of view when he said that Mr. Hoover had been most generous in the choice and quantity of food he allowed and that it was possible to make delicious and nourishing meals out of the food at our disposal. It was decidedly a meeting of experts and specialists, and it was full of a spirit of earnestness and of enthusiasm for voluntary rationing that would have surprised a government-rationed German, and "given him to think," as the French say. The climax came when the house rose amid cheers as Henry Physick, butler for Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, closed the meeting by displaying on the screen the Honour System Ration Pledge and asking every one in the theatre to signify his support of Mr. Hoover by standing.

It is probable that the Patriotic Food League will have branches in other cities; and already the voluntary ration work begun by Mrs. Griswold has made such an appeal to the public that Boston, Philadelphia, Syracuse, and Rochester are planning to organize similar committees.

A MEETING AT THE COLONY CLUB

Many of the women who belong to the New York Honour System Committee are members of the Colony Club, and on February 19th they were addressed there by Dr. Vernon Kellogg, who was associated with Mr. Hoover in Belgian Relief work and is the author of "Headquarters Nights," one of the most interesting books that the war has produced. Dr. Kellogg, by a restrained understatement of the incredible conditions in Belgium and a review of the food problems which confront our Allies, emphasized the necessity of food conservation in America, where the intolerable burden of war, so long and courageously borne by our Allies, has yet to be felt.

Mrs. Griswold, speaking of the Ration Card, said, "It is in the cutting down on sweets and butter that the pinch will be felt, if there is one—and I hope there will be one. It will be good for us to feel a pinch that hurts."

Miss Bertha Shapleigh, Instructor in the Department of Food and Cookery at Teachers' College, who spoke also at the Colony Club meeting on the use of substitutes for sugar and butter, has been giving a series of public demonstrations on Saturday mornings at Teachers' College on "How to Save Wheat, Meat, Sugar, and Fats by Using Substitutes."

Quite in accordance with Miss Shapleigh's teachings and Mr. Hoover's wishes are these two recipes taken from a leaflet distributed at the meeting at the Century Theatre, and made of war recipes chosen by the Chefs' Committee of the Patriotic Food League from many excellent ones sent in to them.

WAR BREAD—À L'AMERICAINE

Don't waste any bread crusts, left-over bread, or broken crackers, but save them carefully. Grind them up and use them in your war-bread, thereby saving wheat. Mix together in dry state the following ingredients: Five cups whole wheat flour, three cups bran, two cups sifted bread-crumbs, one cup cornmeal, one cup wheat flour, one and one-half tablespoons salt, and two tablespoons sugar. Moisten with the following mixture: Three pints milk and water, one spoon molasses, three rounded spoonfuls shortening, and two yeast cakes dissolved in a little water. Mix well and knead to a stiff dough. Let it stand in a warm place overnight. In the morning, make into loaves. Allow the dough to double its bulk and bake for one hour. This bread has excellent keeping qualities.

WAR CAKE À LA WALDORF

The ingredients required are: Two cups of brown sugar, two cups of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one package of raisins, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, two cups of rye flour, one cup of wheat flour, and one teaspoonful of baking-soda. Dissolve the brown sugar in the hot water; then allow it to cool off. Sieve the flour, spices, and baking-soda together; to this add the raisins and lard and then pour the hot water and dissolved brown sugar over it. Stir or beat well so as to mix all the ingredients together; then the paste or dough is ready for baking. To bake, use the ordinary baker's bread pan the size of a common store loaf of bread; grease the pan, then pour in the dough. Bake in a slow oven for about one hour. This is a delicious cake.

THE BLUSH *of* SHAME

WITH the proposition of the blush of shame in its time-honoured connection with the cheek of innocence, this theme has nothing to do. More can be said against innocence than against any other virtue; and the best thing to do is to banish it from one's mind, together with long upper lips, sleeping cars, Pomeranians, and any of the other thousand and one barbed wire entanglements which so often defeat our spirited bayonet charges upon happiness.

The question with which we are dealing is this: to what may be ascribed the occasional, but undeniably shameful glow that does from time to time restore a semblance of bloom to the wan cheek of sophistication? Let us interview the person least disturbed by remorse, remembrance, or regret.

"On the night of Thursday, the seventeenth of September," we might say to him, "you were dining at the roof-garden of the Ritz. You had just finished the salad course. Suddenly a flush came over your face, and for the tiniest fraction of a second you felt a faint dissatisfaction with yourself. If you had been twenty-five years younger, and in bed, you would have put the light out quickly and intrenched your face in the pillow. Tell us, what was the thought behind that blush—what was the guilty recollection?"

Perhaps he will answer something like this:

"I was thinking how I hate wild duck à la Tour d'Argent, with blood following the knife. Instead I have a provincial passion for roast chicken and apple pie that can be nothing but a source of shame to one with an international reputation as a bon-vivant."

Once in possession of his humiliating secret, you will be pursued by a morbid desire to learn the reason for the expressions you see on people's faces as you walk down Fifth Avenue on an otherwise pleasant afternoon; for some expressions are a permanent blush.

Gradually you will come to the conclusion that the majority of these haunted beings are trying to escape from themselves. They realize that, to make a success of life, one must wash constantly with the wool soap of sophistication, in order to avoid shrinking; for to shrink, from anything, shows a certain honest simplicity, entirely out of place in the make-up of a man "of the world." If you should have the luck to find such a one in an expansive mood he would confide to you that the *mondaine* cheek blushes, when, and only when, it realizes that it is attached to a heart which still retains a naïve spot or two.

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